THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1544.

Choice Poetry.

LABOR'S THANKSGIVING HYMN.

That I must work I thank Thee, God
I know that healthful, sad, must be
Like vigorous winter in the sod,
Which doth mature the fairest grain.
Call forth a man his noblest powers;
Therefore I hold my head erect,
And send life's keenest hours.

Stand shoulder to shoulder, my spirit!

I thank Thee, God, that I must toil
You counsel sheer of damage hath,
The exercise bold, who strives for gold
Is not a man so true as I!
He wears the fetter of his chase—
Wealth, birth, and rank have hedged him in
I have but this—that I am free,
And to the coast a maid else.

Thank God, that, like the mountain oak
He fed to earth my strength of life
Strength comes from out the tempest's shock,
And patience is the daily prize.
The hardened hand, the hammered brow
Degrade not him who toils any more
Than the bold front, the sinewy limb
And age the true test of nobleness.

Thank God for toil, for it bringeth wisdom
Wisdom is virtue; patience, truth
And the loud and aspiration
Which knock not between the soul and God.
Which waste no hours in idiotic woe
Restless or idle, passionate or sad
And of the mightier virtues show
That man is noblest that can toil.

Thank God for toil, not for the love
Of wealth, not mammon—but only toil,
That high gift, which God in mercy sent,
And drove the lazy of power within
To use the best, not to loiter it.
Thy hard, yet honest hand to me
We are not dreamers—we shall live
A brighter, freer day to see.

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE; OR, THE FOSTER SISTERS.

A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," "RETRIBUTION," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

THE EVENING PROMISE.

Now out the low, and close the shutters not,
Let fall the curtains, when the rain sound
And while the wind is blowing cold and wet,
The snug a snowy chimney, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

The lines above were aptly quoted by Gussie, as she busied herself with preparing the well-ventilated parlor for the evening circle. She was in the act of closing the shutters, and was about the spell of a gloom so profound, as to resist all her coy and coquettish efforts to dispel it.

"I like Cowper best of all poets," she said, as after having adjusted the cushions of a settee, she settled herself upon it. "I like Cowper best of all poets; because he is so thoroughly domestic and unpretending. He has forgotten all the courtly and book newspapers, novelties, and embroidery—everything that is easy, comfortable, and familiar. You and Lora may like Byron, and Scott, and Shakspeare, and glory in the wars of angels and fiends, with the display of sugar for a battle-field, and the throne of the universe for a stake; or you may revel amid night-storms on Alpine, and glaciers, and cataracts, and conflagrations; or you may enter pantomimes in the company of hobgoblins, and nymphs, female dragons, and jolly murdered kings, or lose yourselves in any of the grand creations of the poets; but, for my part, love sensible Mr. Cowper, who knows how to appreciate every parlor comforter."

Not a word from Lora, who, leaning upon the rug, leaning his brow against the chimney-piece, was looking into the fire. She was evidently not at all in love, and remained her conversation.

"I think, however, that with all my fervidity's exercise, he was himself a little too sensible upon an unsentimental people?"

Joseph Carey thought that this little gibe was intended for his benefit, asked, without lifting up his head—

"In what manner?"

"Come till by me, Josey, and I will tell you. There—that is my dear brother! Can you not read that cloud from your brow? if you don't, I'll send for the sandy-mould, and order her sprinkle and toss the sparkles out of your forehead! no! now! this dear Mr. Cooper, this fleet of poets, in my humble estimation, notwithstanding his sea-faring house, his beautiful gardens, his easy parlor, and his light-hearted wife, has exploited his intellectual equipment of such comforts and luxuries—and the luxurious gusto with which he enjoys them—that in the sense of this discriminated Mr. Cooper delivers himself in this strain:"

"Which means," smiled the Judge, patting Gussie's glistening red hair, "that the Lord is a very good fellow, who occasionally signally perpetrates a good, original, but little morality!"

"Ah, father!" said Gussie, "little have to be reminded of some of its applications every day," replied Gussie, shaking the shrouded red head at her father.

Conversation now took a higher tone, and became impersonal. Virginia was on the life pinnacle of that little group around the fire, as she sat on a low stool, at the feet of Judge Carey, in which she chanced to be. Magdalene sat apart, half in shadow, and in her usual attitude of calm dignity, very still, yet with that air of repose, not the result of pain, half of pleasure, stirring in her mood. The little circle separated at an early hour.

Sir Clinton Carey remained at Prospect Hall during the next two months. He became the constant companion of both the eighteen-year-old sister and protector of Virginia, for his manners were so delicately tinged with the subtle shades of magisterial and paternal for so young a gentleman—so that his delightsome, freshness, and charming vivacity never seemed to bound, overleap, and decapod under the shadow of his wing—and such space was left to light spring of her blithe and stately head, the would escape from him and run, romp, or cool by the fountain. Joseph; especially, loved Joseph, fell deeper into trouble every day, and frequently when the gloom was deepest and darkest on his brow, Gussie, the one who might be present, would go to him, stand by him, place her hand upon his shoulder, and then she had carefully bowed down into with such an air of affection, reliance, fidelity! Joseph, at such times, would emotionally part his arm around her and press her to his bosom, but more frequently he would look up into her face, and she would sweetly set her from him, and leave the room, as "now! Mary, strongly, as every gentleman can remember had ever striven to her avail, floweth in the mighty tide of a first and all-absorbing love.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MORNING CHOICE.

"It requires choice of affections said,
In modern use to consecrate a child.
Page.

Joseph Carey combined himself almost exclusively to the library, passionately endeavouring to concentrate all the faculties of his mind upon the study of the law. Bringing to the task an unbridled of the highest order, having for a master, one—nothing advantage of the first decade, Virginia proposed the reading of a political Sermon, and selected the Union of Don Edro's Queen. The proposition was readily acceded to by the little circle, and Magdalene invited to become the reader. Magdalene took the book with an involuntary air of proud indolence, and commenced reading; but soon the light, fine tone of the sentiment, the martial measure of the rythm aroused her enthusiasm, and forgetting point and accent—forgetting self and others—she threw her whole soul, with all its strength, fire, and desire-lessness into the subject.

When she had done reading, the book dropped gently on her lap, and she remained still absorbed—lost in the vision, unconscious of the observation of those around her—unconscious that the look of one, who had scarcely deigned to see her since their first meeting, was fixed with interest upon her. For the instant only the restless Jew, for Magdalene had the faculty of sure, if not quick well discovery.

"Now tell us, Virginia," said the Judge, "why you chose that, by no means the best part of the poem?" asked the Judge, turning to Gussie.

"Why, for this reason, father; because I liked it best. I have no gift for grandeur, but I do like something new and hopeful like Mr Wilson's sunlight upon cultivated fair and flower. It is quite different from anything else we read in that line. But Magdalene likes the more dramatic, novelties, and fair writers, often quite thoroughly master a great deal of mere variety merely to such a degree as to make them actually grow to superiorities."

"How, Virginia?" inquired the Judge, who loved to hear the little mentor talk, when she so far forgot herself as to do it.

"How, Virginia?" also inquired Joseph, curiously.

"Why, by writing the dark superstitions of the earth for artistic purposes, and endowing them with mythology."

"As—for instance?"

"In novels, poems, plays—all stories, drama, visions, pre-manifestoes, etc., for example, that all prophecies fulfilled—thus these superstitions, endorsed by the solidarity of great minds, no-prove very forcibly feeble ones, or even strong ones that happen to be very imaginative, and seriously affect their happiness. I know it from myself, and from one who knows me—from myself, because I have felt them, and seen them impressed with the feeling, rather than the question, that my presentiments had to be fulfilled, until two life-bought me that to presentiment of mine ever meant anything, as I never had one justified by the event of it."

"Had you ever a presentiment, Virginia?" asked the Judge, gravely.

"Oh, yes, father!"

"Oh! let's hear it," said Sir Clinton.

"Why, you must know that Magdalene reached our plantation, I had a painful secret conviction, that our

Miscellaneous.

THE GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTIES OF THE LAW.

The most litigious fellow I ever knew, was a Welshman named Bones. He had got possession, by some means or other, of a bit of waste ground behind a public house, in Hogwash Street. Adjoining this land was a yard, belonging to the parish of St. Jeremiah, which the Parish Trustees were fencing in with a wall. Bones alleged that one corner of their wall was advanced about ten inches on his ground, and as they declined to remove it back, he kicked down the brickwork before the mortar was dry. The Trustees, having satisfied themselves that they were not only within their own boundary, but that they left Bones some feet of the parish land to boot, built up the wall again. Bones kicked it down again. The Trustees put it up a third time, under the protection of a policeman. The inexorable Bones in spite of the awful presence of this functionary, not only kicked down the wall again, but kicked the bricklayers into the bargain. This was too much, and Bones was marched off to Guildhall, for assaulting the bricklayers. The magistrate rather pooh-poohed the complaint, but bound over Bones to keep the peace. The *casus belli*, the wall, was re-edified a fourth time; but when the Trustees revisited the place next morning, it was again in ruins! While they were in consultation upon this last insult, they were politely waited upon by an Attorney's clerk, who served them all with "writs" in an action of trespass, at the suit of Bones, for encroaching on his land. Thus war was declared about a dirty piece of land, literally not so big as a door-step, and the whole fee-simple of which would not sell for a shilling. The Trustees, however, thought they ought not to give up the rights of the parish to the obstinacy of a perverse fellow, like Bones, and resolved to indict Bones for assaulting the workmen. Accordingly, the action and indictment went on together. The action was tried first, and as the evidence clearly showed the Trustees had kept ...

A MISER'S FATE.

In the year 1762, an extraordinary instance of avarice occurred in France. A miser, of the name of Foscue, who had amassed enormous wealth by the most sordid parsimony and the most discreditable extortion, was requested by the Government to advance a sum of money as a loan. The miser, to whom a fair interest was not inducement sufficiently strong to enable him to part with his treasured gold, declared his incapacity to meet this demand; he pleaded severe losses and the utmost poverty. Fearing, however, that some of his neighbors, among whom he was very unpopular, would report his immense wealth to the Government, he applied his ingenuity to discover some effectual way of hiding his gold, should they attempt to institute a search to ascertain the truth or falsehood of his plea. With great care and secrecy he dug a deep cave in his cellar; to this receptacle for his treasure he descended by a ladder, and to the trap-door he attached a spring-lock, so that, on shutting, it would fasten of itself. By-and-bye the miser disappeared; inquiries were made; the house was searched; woods were explored, and the ponds were dragged; but no Foscue could they find; and gossips began to conclude that the miser had fled with his gold to some part where, by living *incognito*, he would be free from the demands of the Government. Some time passed on; the house in which he had lived was sold, and workmen were busily employed in its repair. In the progress of their work, they met with the door of the secret cave, with the key in the lock, outside. They threw back the door, and descended with a light. The first object upon which the lamp was reflected, was the ghastly body of Foscue, the miser, and scattered around him were the heavy bags of gold and ponderous chests of untold treasure; a candlestick lay beside him on the floor. This worshipper of mammon had gone into his cave to pay his devoirs to his golden god, and became a sacrifice to his devotion! What must have been the sensations of that miserable man—what the horrors of his situation, when he heard the door close after him, and the spring-lock effectually imprison him within his secret mine! How bitter must have been the last struggle of that ...

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

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We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Lord John Russell has introduced a Bill into Parliament, "to prevent the assumption of certain ecclesiastical titles in respect of places in the United Kingdom." He said that the change in the Papal hierarchy had been made not only without the consent, but without the knowledge of the English Government. The course pursued by the Pope was, he said, an insult to the Queen, and the declaration was received with cheers, continued for a long time, from all parts of the House.

All the knowledge which Lord Minto had of the matter was that in an interview with the Pope, that dignitary pointed to some paper lying on the table and said, "There is a project which affects you." What the project was, Lord Minto was not informed.

Lord Russell ridiculed the idea that "the Pope can never retrace his steps"—that what Rome had once done must remain in force for ever; and proved the reverse by historical facts, and he then commented severely upon the bull recently promulgated in England, and detailed the action which the Government had taken in consequence.

The reason of the Papal movement, the change from vicars apostolic to bishops, was to obtain a greater control over endowments which were in the hands of Roman Catholic trustees.

He proposed, therefore, that no such titles should be permitted to be assumed by these bishops, and that all property left to or given to such persons under such titles should be null and void, and forfeited to the Crown, with power to the Crown to appoint trustees to administer such property, and to prohibit the assumption of any title for any place or territory within the United Kingdom.

Mr. Anstey, a Roman Catholic member, expressed his conviction that the act of the Pope was one of aggression, not only upon the English nation, but upon the Roman Catholic laity, who had long been struggling against an undue subjection to the power of the prelates.

Messrs. Roebuck, Bright, Rocher, and O'Connell, opposed the bill as unnecessary and intolerant. Other members thought it did not ... enough.

The Globe says—"We are informed ... the new bill, without waiting for the introduction ... to prefer an in- ...

EXECUTIVE DEMONSTRATIONS.

The President recently sent in a special message to the Senate, relative to the late rescue of an alleged fugitive slave by a mob of colored persons in Boston. As we have not room for the message entire, we give the following summary of its contents:

The President says that nothing could be more unexpected than such a gross violation of law. Such an outrage could only be the result of sudden violence, unhappily too much unprepared for, to be successfully resisted. He says it violates, without question, the general sentiment of the people of Boston, and of a vast majority of the whole people of Massachusetts.

The President refers to a law of 1789, recommending the States to allow the use of their prisons to the United States when needed. Also to resolutions of the Congress of 1791, and that of 1821, authorizing the U. S. Marshal in States where the jails were not allowed to be used by the General Government, to hire convenient places for temporary jails, the reasonable expenses to be paid out of the treasury.

The President laments that Massachusetts and other Northern States do not allow alleged fugitives from labor to be confined in their prisons, but adds—

These acts of State legislation, although they may cause embarrassments, and create expense, cannot derogate either from the duty or ... the ... ty of Congress to carry out freely and ... plain and imperative constitutional ... the delivery of persons bound ... State and escaping into another ... whom such labor may be due.

It is quite clear that by ... 1821, the Marshal of ... the United States ... of the jails of the ... whole or in ... tion of ... the United ... express... June ... authority of the United States.

He says that the attention of the Marshal of Massachusetts was distinctly called to this provision of the law, by a notice from the Secretary of the Navy, of the date of October 28th last, but there is no official information that the Marshal has provided any such place for the confinement of his prisoners.

It is true that the escape from the Deputy Marshal in this case, was not owing to the want of a prison, or place of confinement, but still it is not easy to see how the prisoner would have been safely and conveniently detained during an adjournment of the hearing of some days without such place of confinement. If it shall appear that no such place has been obtained, directions ...

OBITUARY.

Died, at Green Hill, near Wilmington, Del., on the evening of the 22nd ult., Benjamin Webb, in the 65th year of his age.

Few words need be spoken, when the righteous man, fully ripened in the great harvest field of this world, is called by the solemn but blessed angel, Death, to the infinite joy and peace of a higher state of existence. "I want to go to sleep," were the last words of him we mourn, a few minutes before his spirit sunk softly, serenely—like a child into slumber—into the open arms of the great Deliverer. It was well that such an active, stirring, and heroic life, should have so peaceful and calm an ending. For he was emphatically an honest man, honest in deed and thought—one who could not tolerate falsehood or ... tion of any kind. And thus his life seemed ... tinual moral warfare with what ... powers of doubtless sometimes erroneous ... the light—both evil and of darkness. He ... As the shades in a material and spiritual ... around his couch on of evening began to ... he bade them light a candle ... that last day of ... the light should fall upon ... and put ... he loved the light, and continually ... his face. ... his own actions to its test, that if ... evil they might be reproved. So lived ... died he—and few as fearless and indomitable souls, or equally loving and tender spirits, are left behind him.

WASHINGTON AFFAIRS.

A friend, in a private letter from Washington, speaks as follows of affairs in that city:

"Do you not think Washington a very Democratic city? We have now a little provincial school mistress as the President's daughter, assisting at doing the honors of the Presidential mansion; and, as an offset to that, we have an English Baronet playing upon our stage, under his full name and title. Sir William Don is the first cousin of Sir Henry Bulwer, and on terms of intimacy with him. He (Sir William) inherited, with his title, one hundred thousand pounds from his father, but was eighty thousand in debt when he reached his majority. He travels in style, with steward and valet, and has handsome apartments at Willard's. I saw him play "Sir Charles Coldstream" and "Cousin Joe," in the Rough Diamond, twice—the first was the most perfect piece of comic acting I ever saw. Yet, in conversation and manners, he is said to be more of a "Cousin Joe" than a "Sir Charles." Enough of him.

"I will tell you a little piece of secret news. *Night* before last, at two o'clock in the *morning*, as Patrick would say, our Mayor Walter Lennox was knocked up out of his bed, to re- ...

SERIALS.

We have received No. 5 of The Daguerreian Journal, published semi-monthly at ... dollars per annum in advance. New ... S. D. Humphrey, Editor and Publisher.

We have received a piece ... Music, "To One in Heaven." Words by ... J. Diehl, Music by R. S. Hambridge. Philadelphia, Lee & ... New Orleans: W. T. Walker, 162 ...

... Mayo, No. 5 ... the February No. of The ... edited by Francis Gurney ... D., and John B. Biddle, M. D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

WACOUSTA; OR THE PROPHECY. AN INDIAN TALE. By MAJOR RICHARDSON, Author of "Hardscrabble," "Ecarté," &c. Revised Edition. New York: Dewitt & Davenport, Publishers, Tribune Buildings.

Those who relish highly-wrought scenes of Indian warfare, a large class of readers, we are well aware, will here find excitement of the keenest kind. The author writes ... soldier, entering fully into the spirit of the scenes he describes; and holding a graphic and vivid pen, he has the power of producing a strong impression of reality. One of the most striking scenes in the book is the capture of the fort of Mackinaw, and the slaughter of its garrison by the Indians, which is pictured in all its appalling details with much force of description.

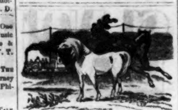
THE QUEEN'S NECKLACE; OR, THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE COURT OF LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH. By ALEXANDRE DUMAS, author of "The Iron Mask," "Louise De La Vallière," &c. &c. Translated from the French by Thomas Williams, Esq. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

These two volumes, from the prolific pen of Dumas, will afford a quantity of entertainment to those who read for that purpose, while the ever-memorable historical facts introduced, mingle with amusement a slight seasoning of profit. One of the most interesting portions is the prologue, in which the celebrated Cagliostro, in conference with a party of guests at the house of the Duc de Richelieu, predicts vaguely the horrors of the coming revolution, and the violent death of nearly every member of that company.

Clippings.

☞ The Bishop of London, it is said by the London Times, contemplates making arrangements for affording the vast multitude that will be collected in that city during the Industrial Exhibition an opportunity of attending Divine worship on Sundays. The neighboring clergy have been addressed upon the subject, and the ...

General News.



POLITICAL NEWS.

LAND LIMITATION.—A Bill has been introduced into the Wisconsin Legislature, to limit the amount of land which any one individual may hereafter acquire, to 320 acres. The Wisconsin paper says the Bill will probably become a law.

The New Hampshire Democratic State Convention have repudiated the Rev. John Atwood, the present candidate for Governor, and re-nominated Mr. Dinsmore. The vote stood—Dinsmore 202, Atwood 3. It is believed there will be no choice by the people.

Gen. Quitman's Proclamation, resigning his office, and protesting against the right of Government to arrest him, whilst Governor of the State, has been published. He says the only course he had was to resist by force of State, or resign. He chose the latter in preference to the former, because those in whose hands the National Government was invested were evidently seeking some opportunity to test its strength; and that the State, and not him, was the aggrieved party.

Commodore Stockton (Democrat) has been elected U. S. Senator, from New Jersey. The last vote stood: Stockton 39, Dayton 32, Scattering 5. Two Whigs voted with the Democrats.

☞ The Legislature of Illinois adjourned on the 17th ult., after passing the free bank bill over the Governor's veto.

DECLINE OF THE SLAVE TRADE.—Our private accounts from the coast of Africa state that the slave trade is on its last legs, and nearly all the slave-dealers on the South Coast are bankrupt. Such was the vigilance of the cruisers, that there were 8,000 slaves in the barracoons at Ambriz, which they would not run the risk of shipping.—The Phœnix, screw sloop, Commander Lysaught, was stationed off that place. The prize captured by the Cyclops, steam frigate, Captain the Hon. G. F. Hastings, on the 19th November, had been waiting four months for the chance of slipping away with her cargo. She had actually passed under the flag-ship's stern, at Loando, without ...

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, Feb. 22, 1851.

REMARKS.—Business generally is assuming more activity. The weather most of the time has been clear and pleasant, and the wharves present a scene of unusual activity. The Cotton market has been in a rather unsettled state, in consequence of the unfavorable advices from Europe by the Africa. Flour, Meal and Grain have been in limited request, without change in prices. In Groceries and Provisions there is no material change to notice. A considerable number of Western and Southern merchants have arrived, and are now purchasing freely. The influx of California gold, the general prosperity of all branches of industry, with the exception of the Coal and Iron interests of this State, and the increased facilities for the transportation of goods both South and West, give us ample assurance that the forthcoming season will be an unusually active one. The Canal Commissioners have made arrangements to have the State Canals open on Monday next, so that there will be no delay in forwarding goods to the West. The Hotels are rapidly filling up with strangers, and Market Street, in particular, during business hours, presents a very lively appearance. Our city is gradually drawing to it numbers, who find in its frank hospitalities—in its fine hotel accommodations—in its abundant supplies of all descriptions of merchandise, and in the accommodating spirit of its business men, inducements to prolong their visits.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The supplies of Flour during the past week have been small. There has been a moderate export demand, and 7,000 bbls standard and good brands sold at $4,44a4,50 per bbl. The sales for city use are limited within the range of $4,50a5,12½ for common and extra brands, and $5,25a6,00 for fancy. Rye Flour is steady. Sales of 500 bbls at $3,44. Corn Meal is in limited request. Sales of 6 a 700 bbls Pennsylvania at $2,87½ per bbl; and some Brandywine at $3.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the 20th inst., comprised—

Wheat Flour,	bbls	9,499
do.	half bbls	191
Rye Flour,	bbls	491
Corn Meal,	bbls	1,921

GRAIN.—The demand for Wheat continues limited. Sales of 3,000 bushels prime Pennsylvania white at $1 12, and some ordinary and prime red at 95a1,04 per bushel. Small sales of Rye at 75c. Corn is in limited supplies and prices steady. Sales of 23,000 bushels yellow at 60c, in store, and 61½c afloat, including some white at 62½c. Oats are in steady demand. Sales of 2,000 bushels prime Pennsylvania at 45 cts per bushel.

PROVISIONS.—Pork is in limited demand. Old Mess is held at $13,25, and new Western at $14 per bbl. Beef is dull. Bacon continues scarce. Small sales of pickled Hams at 9, and Shoulders in salt at ...

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Novelets, we shall publish shorter novelets and stories from the pens of other well-known writers. We have two now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

The Iron Hand, by T. S. Arthur.

The Texan Huntress, by C. W. Webber, author of "The Shot in the Eye," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

From Washington.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

EXCITING DEBATES.

SENATE.

On the 17th, Mr. Felch presented the credentials of Lewis Cass, re-elected United States Senator from Michigan, for the term of six years from the 4th of March next.

Mr. Hamlin presented a petition asking that naval vessels be sent to bring the Americans home, who are now at California without the means of returning.

Mr. Hamlin presented a petition from the citizens of the State of Maine, praying for the repeal or modification of the Fugitive Slave Law. Mr. H. moved that the petition be referred to the Judiciary Committee. No objection being made it was ordered.

Mr. Butler said he did not care whether the petition was referred or not—he would have nothing to do with the subject—the law might be repealed or not.

Mr. Atchison moved that the vote referring the petition be reconsidered. He could see no reason why the petition presented by the Senator from Maine should be referred, and the same petitions presented by the Senator from New York should be laid on the table.

Mr. Hamlin said the Judiciary Committee had before it the subject of modifying the Fugitive Slave Law. A Bill to that effect, introduced by Mr. Bright, having already been referred to it. This petition was signed by most respectable persons in Maine. Petitions praying for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law he had moved to lay on the table, not because he thought it correct, but because the Senate had so decided.

Mr. Chase opposed the reconsideration. He thought that the reference was just and proper.

Mr. Berrien pointed out the difference between this petition and the law of 1793, not repealed.—The petition was to repeal that law.

Mr. Seward said that the Senate records showed that petitions to make slavery laws more stringent, are received and referred. This Bill, to make the Fugitive Slave Law more vigorous, is also referred; and petitions asking for modifications in the Fugitive Slave Law, and to make it less vigorous, are refused a reference. When the Senator from Pennsylvania presents such petitions, they are received and referred, while petitions of the same kind by a Senator from New York, are laid upon the table.

Mr. Badger pointed out the distinction between Mr. Bright's Bill and this petition. Though Mr. Bright's Bill was proper in itself, he was sorry it had been introduced, because of the abuse of it, as a precedent for disturbing the settlement of the last session. He denied that Mr. Seward was right in saying that unless the Senate considered all the petitions, it was a denial of the right of petition.

Mr. Bradbury said it made not a particle of difference whether the petition was referred or not. Petitions presented by Mr. Cooper were now before the Committee, and also Mr. Bright's Bill, and the Committee had considered the subject, and had come to the conclusion that legislation on the subject was wholly unnecessary.—He moved to lay the motion to reconsider on the table, but afterwards withdrew it.

Mr. Butler considered the acts of the last session as temporary obstacles only in the way of the stream of fanaticism. He had said at the last session and now, that he would have nothing to do with the subject—and when petitions were sent to the Committee, he had declared that he would have nothing to do with them, one way or the other. He would do nothing to resist the reception or reference of any petition or Bill, for you might as well attempt to pacify a maniac by singing the lullaby, as to attempt by commission to satisfy a fanatic.

Mr. Hale said the Fugitive Slave Bill had workings very various in various sections. Under it a slave was returned to his master in New York—in Philadelphia a freeman was kidnapped and sent to slavery, he was returned, however—in Boston, the Bill was worked so as to enable a mob to take an alleged fugitive from the Court House. There was little conformity in the operations of the Bill. He was for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. He cared little for the agitation here. He would go before the people at home, and agitate there, which was the surest place. He was an agitator; he shrunk from none of the imputations implied in the epithet of agitator—he gloried in being an agitator. All the great events in the progress of human liberty were achieved by agitators. O'Connell was an agitator. Men of the Revolution were agitators. Agitation was the element of life to the State.—If there was no agitation, the State would sink into the fœtid pool of corruption. There is no purity without agitation—the pool of Bethseda became stagnant and impure until it was agitated by an angel from Heaven. He hoped agitation would never cease.

Mr. Berrien was sorry that Mr. Hale, in advising the adjournment of agitation speeches from the Senate to the stump, had not himself set the example. The petition was formed of several pieces of paper, containing signatures, stuck together, and at the head of them all was printed the petition to which others were posted. The petition sets forth that Congress had passed an unconstitutional law, violative of just principles; that it was so odious that they could not sustain it, and were unwilling to abide its penalties. He had no doubt of the respectability of the persons whose names were attached to the petition; and because he believed they were respectable, he did not believe they signed this petition.

Mr. Foote replied to Mr. Hale. He had read in the Herald an account of the mob in Boston, and after an interview with the Secretary of State, was free to declare, having authority so to do, that the Government intended to do its duty, and that the Fugitive Slave Law would be enforced strenuously and vigorously.

Mr. Cooper was opposed to agitation. He believed the majority of the people of Pennsylvania were in favor of carrying into execution the laws, particularly the laws of last session, including the Fugitive Slave Law. He would vote against the reconsideration, because petitions of the same kind, presented by him, some time ago, had been referred, and because he believed that if petitions on the subject of slavery were treated as all other petitions were, the cause for agitation by the North would be removed.

Mr. Hamlin read a letter stating that the petition had been signed by all those whose names were attached to it.

Mr. Pearce said Mr. Hale had made charge of kidnapping in the Philadelphia case. Kidnapping had a peculiar and legal signification. He knew all the parties—knew the Commissioner, who was an eminent lawyer, and was a man of honor, against whom the charge of kidnapping was idle. It was one of those cases of mistake in identity, which daily occurred in criminal cases. The alleged slave was returned, and that showed how groundless were the intimations that kidnapping would result from the Bill. The Senator (Hale) also gloried in the name of agitator—he abhorred it, and thought the Senator had made a great discovery in declaring that agitation was an element. He thought he was unfortunate in likening his agitation to that agitation which disturbed the pool by the gentle Heavenly influence. All knew who was the first agitator—it was he who entered Paradise and corrupted the heart of the first woman. None can tell who will be the last agitator, but most of us can judge of the character of some of the successors of the first. [Laughter.]

Mr. Rhett asked Mr. Cooper if he understood him to say that Pennsylvania was satisfied with the Fugitive Slave Law, and whether the laws obstructing the act of '93 had been repealed?

Mr. Cooper said that the majority of his constituents were in favor of executing the law. The legislative acts spoken of had not been repealed, because of local politics, not necessary to be explained.

Mr. Rhett desired that the qualification now made by the Senator should go out with his speech. The laws of Pennsylvania had not been repealed, nor would they be. The mercantile interests of Pennsylvania and New York might be in favor of executing the law, but the interior counties would never execute it.

Mr. Hale thought Mr. Pearce had mistaken the character of the first agitator. The devil went into Eden not as an agitator, but to recover a certain fugitive, which he demanded should be restored to him, to be carried into the slavery of hell. (Laughter.) Gentlemen all disclaimed agitations, but perhaps some of them like a little agitation on the subject of coal, iron, and coarse cotton. (Laughter.) It was said men of the revolution were no agitators; if the bones of Washington were beneath the Capitol they could not rest easy—they carried agitation on sea and land—they made the Boston Harbor an agitated teapot. Truth need fear nothing from agitation—truth was a rock, which could not be moved—it was a rock which the waves might wash, but could not shake.

Mr. Pearce had no desire to continue a discussion of Biblical literature, but still he considered the devil the first agitator, because he preached to the first woman to disobey the law.

Mr. Butler differed from Mr. Pearce as to his attributes of the first agitator. He did not consider him like one who declaimed in thundering oratorical orations, but he entered the garden in the form of a serpent, and whispered a higher law. (Laughter and applause.)

Mr. Foote read from Milton, to show that the Devil commenced agitation by rebelling in Heaven, for which he was hurled to hell.

Mr. Bradbury moved to lay the motion to reconsider on the table. Rejected—yeas 17, nays 33.

The reference was reconsidered, and the petition was laid on the table.

Mr. Clay offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the President be required to lay before the Senate, if compatible with the public interest, any information he may possess in regard to the alleged recent case of forcible resistance to the execution of the law of the United States, in the city of Boston, and to communicate to the Senate what measures he has adopted to meet such an occurrence, and whether in his opinion, any additional legislation is necessary to meet the exigency of the case, and to more rigorously execute the existing law.

Mr. Seward offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the President be requested, if compatible with the public interest, to communicate any information he may possess concerning the forcible abduction of any citizen of the United States, or of any person living under their protection, within the territory of New Mexico, and of his conveyance, to be reduced into Peon servitude, in the Republic of Mexico.

Both resolutions were laid over.

Mr. Foote introduced a joint resolution authorizing a naval vessel to receive and bring to this country Kossuth and his companions.

Mr. Rusk moved to take up the Postage Bill, and offered a substitute for the Bill.

Mr. Seward moved to amend so as to make a uniform rate of two cents on letters, to be prepaid, five cents not pre-paid.

Mr. John Davis advocated the three cents rate.

Mr. Dayton agreed with Mr. Rusk.

Mr. Hamlin was in favor of Mr. Seward's amendment.

Without taking the question, the Senate adjourned.

On the 18th, Mr. Moreton, presented the joint resolution of the Florida Legislature, on various local subjects; and also asking Congress to grant Florida all the public lands in that State.

Mr. Cooper presented a petition, signed by ninety members of the Pennsylvania Legislature, in favor of a line of steamers to Africa; also nine petitions praying for the modification of the present Tariff.

Mr. Walker presented a memorial from the Industrial Congress of New Jersey, in favor of the freedom of public lands. As this subject has already been acted on by the Committee, these petitions were laid on the table.

Mr. Jefferson Davis's resolution, requiring that the daily debates in the Senate be published, without being revised by the Senators, was taken up, discussed, and, for the present, laid on the table.

Mr. Clay's resolution concerning the Boston affair, was taken up. Mr. Clay explained the objects set forth in the resolution. Any discussion upon the objects of the resolution would be premature, until the information called for is obtained. But he could nor forbear saying that he had been shocked, astonished, and astounded at the accounts given in the newspapers, of the late occurrence in the third city of the Union—in the second city, so far as regards wealth. It was not only that the laws had been forcibly resisted—that the law had been put at defiance—but the officers of justice had been beaten down and driven out of the Court House, and their prisoner taken off; and this, too, by a negro mob, in the face of a population of one hundred and fifty thousand. Who committed this flagrant outrage? Was it our own race? No! But a band who are not of our people. It was by Africans and descendants of Africans. The question presented by the occurrence was, whether our laws, framed by our own Government, are to be carried into force—or whether a government of white men is to be yielded to a government of blacks? So astounding was the account, he would not at first believe it—but a distinguished citizen of Massachusetts had assured him it was true. The Senator from Mississippi, yesterday, after an interview with two of the highest officers of the Government, announced that the law would be enforced. He also had an interview with those officers, and had received the same assurance that the law would be vigorously enforced. He hoped the resolution would pass.

Mr. John Davis had read the accounts of the occurrence in Boston, which occurrence all must condemn. But before condemning any one, or commending any one, we should wait for facts. The law was unpopular and offensive to the people of Massachusetts, but they were a law-abiding people, and they knew that if was not by violence that the law was to be overcome, but will abide by it until, by the proper and legislative mode, it can be altered. While the law would be enforced, freedom of discussion and debate would be insisted upon and maintained.

Mr. Clay—Freedom of debate. On what subject. Debate upon open and impudent violation of the law of the country?

Mr. John Davis said he meant freedom of discussion upon the general merits of the law.

Mr. Clay—Who has opposed freedom of discussion upon the merits of the law?

Mr. Davis did not allude to the Senator, but said that without the Senate there was a disposition to stifle discussion on the merits of the law.

Mr. Clay said that Congress has passed a law to carry into execution a constitutional provision. That law was passed only five months ago, by a considerable majority. Congress now says that it will not repeal or modify that law. That time must be given for the law to be tried. Moreover, they say the law will not be repealed, particularly when a bold and open attempt is made to resist. He hoped his remarks had not been offensive to the Senator from Massachusetts in showing, in strong and indignant terms, those who invaded the temple of justice, beat down its guardians, and who sacrilegiously seizing the sword of justice, waved it in triumph over the prostrate officers. Whether his remarks were offensive or not, he would at all times speak—offend who it might—of any gross outrage, or resistance of the law, whether by black men or white men.

Mr. John Davis was as indignant as any one at the occurrence. The people of Massachusetts were a law abiding people, but at the same time a free people, and from the time of the revolution had insisted on freedom of discussion and inquiry. Their remedy is to seek by argument, and appeal to the ballot-box for the repeal of the law. This is the way they overcome offensive law, and not by violence.

Mr. Hale coincided with Mr. Clay in his indignation. He was sorry, however, when the newspapers said that a Judge in one of the Southern States had refused to issue his warrant to execute the law for the recovery of fugitives from justice, that no resolution had been offered, asking the President if he had heard of it. There was no indignation when bands of armed men paraded through Southern States to invade Cuba. Nor was there any resolution when a mob held this city two days, under the nose of the President. Mobs might take place anywhere—he had heard of one in Kentucky, when a printing office was broken up and sent out of the State. He hoped the Government was not about taking a short step between the sublime and ridiculous. He hoped the Army and Navy were not to be sent to Boston to put down a negro mob. It was too ridiculous to believe. Better leave the suppression of such occurrences to the State authorities. No law, when it had not the moral support of the people, whether in Massachusetts or Louisiana, could be enforced, and it was useless to attempt it with the Army and Navy. George the Third tried that, and his forces shot down citizens of the State, but he did not succeed. He believed the people and the authorities of Massachusetts competent to enforce the laws, and if he was a citizen of Boston, he would consider it an insult if Government presumed that the laws could not be enforced.

Mr. Foote said that no Judge in Mississippi had refused to execute his duty. He had issued his warrant—the party was arrested, and had presented himself for trial. It was not true that bands of armed men had marched through Southern States to Cuba. There was a suspicion of such a movement, and the Government did its duty by requiring investigation.

Ninety-nine hundredths of the Southern people sustained this Government in its action of enforcing laws. He alluded to Washington's conduct with regard to the Whiskey Insurrection as a precedent for action by the Government to interfere with the Boston proceedings, and also commented upon the good condition of the government of Massachusetts, in the time of Shay's Rebellion, and hoped the present Governor would also do his duty, and if aid was required, that the President would extend that aid.

Mr. Jefferson Davis did not believe that the Northern States would enforce this law. The Government of the United States had power only to resist invasion and suppress insurrection. An insurrection in Pennsylvania was put down by the militia of that State. Such was contemplated by the States, and the militia of the States could be relied on to put down insurrection. No such reliance could be had now. The law in Massachusetts was not enforced by the Marshal in the first case—yet the Marshal was not removed. What was that but an encouragement to the violation of the laws? He was opposed to employing the Army and Navy in State insurrection; when the State refuses to enforce the law, the question then is involved in her own sovereignty, and Congress has no power to force her. If Massachusetts refuses to enforce this law, she has only one thing more to do, and that is to declare that the Constitution and Laws of the United States are null and void, and of no obligatory force on her. Mississippi had been alluded to; her Governor was charged with an offence; he offered to give pledge to appear when his term of office expired. This was not accepted. Justice was hungry for a victim, although, from his position, it was known to have been impossible for him to have been concerned in the affair with which he was charged. If the mob in Boston was an exposition of the principle of Massachusetts, he would say to her—"Go on," he would not vote to enforce her obedience to the laws by means of the Army and Navy.

Mr. Foote read from State papers to show that the suppression of the whiskey insurrection was effected by the militia of New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia, as well as that of Pennsylvania.

Mr. John Davis said that when he said the people of Massachusetts were opposed to the laws, they considered it offensive, he did mean that therefore the law could not be enforced. All speculations of the necessity of calling on the Army and Navy were idle. The laws would be enforced to their fullest extent.

Public opinion was that mob-law was not the proper mode of obtaining the repeal of an obnoxious measure. The days of the revolution and Shay's revolt have gone by, and the people have learned the easier mode of the ballot-box to change the law. The people of the free States objected to the imputation on them, that while all other cases were tried by juries, these were not.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Walker offered a resolution declaring that in the opinion of the Senate, the Army and Navy expenditures had reached an enormous, extravagant, and unnecessary amount, burdensome to the Treasury and the people; also, that it is the duty of the President to recommend a plan of reduction, as will bring the annual expenses of both within twelve millions. Laid over.

The Postage Bill was taken up. The question pending was on Mr. Seward's amendment, to establish a uniform rate of two cents, to be prepaid, in every case; and after debate was rejected. Yeas 7, as follows: Messrs. Chase, Dickinson, Dodge, of Wisconsin, Dodge, of Iowa, Hamlin, Seward, Walker. Nays 41.

Mr. Hamlin moved an amendment that newspapers not over three hundred square inches go through the mail at one-fourth the rates fixed on newspapers. This, he explained, was covering Sunday School papers and-so-forth. Adopted. Adjourned.

On the 19th, Mr. Mason, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported a Bill to indemnify the masters and owners of the schooner Amistad.

Mr. Ewing, of the Committee on Finance, reported a Bill establishing a Mint in California, and asked for its immediate consideration. Objected to.

Mr. Bradbury, from the Judiciary, reported back three petitions, from Pennsylvania, asking for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, stating that legislation on the subject was wholly inexpedient. The Committee was discharged from further consideration of the subject.

Mr. Yulee moved that the Bill granting alternate sections of land to Florida, for the construction of a railroad, be taken up, and, after some debate, it was so ordered. After debate it was ordered to be engrossed.

The River and Harbor Bill was received from the House and referred to the Committee on Commerce.

The Postage Bill was taken up.

Mr. Seward moved an amendment, making the weight of papers to be charged at lowest postage, three instead of two ounces. Agreed to.

Mr. Seward moved to strike out the tariff of rates on the postage, as proposed by Mr. Rusk's Bill, so as to make it conform with the Bill as it came from the House, charging one cent on each paper weighing less than three ounces, for any distance.

The amendment was lost, and the Bill postponed for the present.

Mr. Hamlin reported a Bill, prohibiting American vessels trading to Africa, except to Liberia, Sierra Leone and Galenas, unless they clear from ports in the United States or Europe.

The Deficiency Bill was returned from the House, debated and postponed, when the Senate went into Executive Session, and, shortly after, adjourned.

On the 20th, Mr. Underwood presented a petition from Alleghany county, Pa., for the modification of the tariff, and asking for the imposition of a tax of one hundred dollars on each emigrant, as protection to American labor.

Mr. Dickinson presented a petition from the authorities of Brooklyn, in favor of a line of steamers to Africa. He was of opinion that the condition of the free blacks could not be ameliorated while they remained in the country, and recommended the petition to the favorable consideration of the Senate.

Petitions were presented for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, (which were laid on the table,) and a great variety of other subjects.

Mr. Cooper presented the resolutions of the Pennsylvania Legislature, in favor of a line of steamers from Norfolk to Antwerp, and from San Francisco to Shanghai, China.

The Bill granting land to Missouri, for a railroad from St. Louis to the Western limits of the State, was taken up, and an engrossment ordered.

Mr. Turney called up the Bill allowing four years' credit on duties on railroad iron imported by the Tennessee and Georgia Railroad Company. After a long debate, the Bill was laid on the table.

The Cheap Postage Bill was then taken up.

Mr. Bradbury moved an amendment, abolishing the franking privilege after December next. If this were done, the mails would be relieved of much cumbersome and unprofitable matter, and book publications by Congress would be checked.

Mr. Jefferson Davis thought the amendment proposed even-handed justice.

Mr. Rusk would support such an amendment, if properly prepared. This amendment only affected members of Congress.

Mr. Jefferson Davis thought if the members of Congress took the beam out of their own eyes, the mote in others' would soon be discovered.

Mr. Dayton said that as the motion did not operate till December, he was probably a disinterested witness. He thought the franking privilege was a benefit to the people.

Messrs. Downs and Pearce opposed, and Mr. Hamlin supported the amendment.

Mr. Cass said franking was a privilege of the people, and not of representatives.

Mr. Hale supported the amendment. If petitions were charged letter postage, it would quiet agitation, and carry out the compromise. He was in favor of abolition, if nothing was abolished except the franking privilege.

The amendment was lost—yeas 13, nays 34.—The Senate adjourned.

On the 21st, a communication was received and read from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in relation to the mode of payments of Indian annuities, under the decisions of Thomas Ewing, formerly Secretary of the Interior.

Mr. Ewing said he was glad that letters had been received, and hoped they would satisfy the Senate, of the groundlessness of all the hearsay charges daily retailed in the Senate.

A Message from the President in reply to Mr. Clay's resolution, was received and read. An abstract of the Message will be found in our editorial columns.

Mr. Clay said he had listened with great pleasure to the Message. Its general tone and firm resolution to execute the laws will be satisfactory to every one. He regretted the Message did not say the Marshal had been dismissed, but he had reason to believe that the President is submitting the conduct of the Marshal to scrutiny, which will end in his dismissal. He had been gratified to witness the general execution of this law. It had been executed in Indiana under peculiarly difficult circumstances; also in Ohio. In repeated instances it was executed in Pennsylvania, in its capital, and Philadelphia. It was executed also in the great metropolis of the Union, New York. It had been executed everywhere except in Boston, where it has failed on two occasions. When the first failure occurred he looked with anxiety to the next case, in order to see if the law would or would not be executed, and was greatly surprised to hear that the law had been resisted by a lawless mob, who entered the Court House and rescued from the officers of justice a person legally in their custody.

Mr. Hale said he was glad that the Message had been sent in, if for no other reason, because it showed that the President felt his Administration had made itself ridiculous by issuing the proclamation, and the document just read was nothing more than the labored essay to prove that the proclamation was necessary. The idea of the great Republic of the United States calling on its army and navy to assemble and hold themselves in readiness to put down a mob composed of a mere handful of negroes, was ridiculous in the extreme. It was useless to attempt to magnify this affair into something of consequence. It was too absurd. He considered the proclamation of the President improper, unwise, impolitic, unnecessary, and very weak, and with it he would have nothing to do.

Mr. Clay said the proclamation was levelled at white men, who encouraged the negroes. He also denounced the course of George Thompson.

Mr. Mason regarded the law, so far as its practical execution was concerned, as a dead letter. He said the expenses generally amounted to as much as the value of the slave recovered.

Mr. Dickinson said that the case of Long, in New York, proved that the law could be executed.

Mr. Cass joined with Mr. Clay in his condemnation of the recent proceedings. He was not a defender of the Administration, but he had the utmost confidence in believing that the President would do his duty. He deprecated the remarks of the Senator from Virginia, that this law could not, was not, and would not be executed.

He considered that the Massachusetts laws obstructing the execution of this law ought to have been cleared off her statute books long ago; but, whether they were repealed or not, they would not prevent the execution of the laws. The Senator was wrong in supposing that the voluntary action of the people of the free States was necessary to a due execution of the law.

If time was given the law would work smoothly. The agitation could not be expected to subside at once. He referred to the conduct of the "miscreant" Thompson, and said that if a member of Congress should do in England what Thompson had done in this country, he would be sent to Botany Bay.

Mr. Mason rejoined, and said that of the thirty Senators from the free States, only three had voted for the law. They were the Senator from Pennsylvania, and the Senators from Iowa.

Mr. Dickinson said he was present, and would have voted for the law, but his colleague, who was opposed to it, was called home, and they had agreed to pair off.

Mr. Butler considered the general sentiment of the Northern people as hostile to Southern institutions, and the law would never be carried out.

Mr. John Davis remarked that such a case could occur anywhere. He did not think it called for the extraordinary proceedings now contemplated. The Supreme Court had relieved Massachusetts from all obligations to execute this law, by saying that it was the duty of the United States, and not of the States, to execute it.

Mr. Badger replied. He said that the general proceedings in the mass for years had now come to a crisis, and the question whether the laws and the Constitution, or the fanaticism of the people, bar, and lecture-room was to prevail?—The President might have done more, but could not have done less.

Mr. Downs believed the law could be and had been executed.

At a late hour, there being no quorum present, the Senate adjourned.

On the 22nd, Mr. Robert Rantoul, Senator from Massachusetts, appeared in the Senate, was qualified, and took his seat.

The Chair said the first business in order was on Mr. Clay's motion to refer the President's Message of yesterday.

Mr. Downs argued at length that the Fugitive Slave Law was executed, had been executed, and would continue to be executed in as good faith and as promptly, as the most sanguine expected. He contended that since the passage of the Compromise, a great change had been going on in the public sentiment of the North. Last Session resolutions in favor of the Wilmot Proviso were sent to the Senate from every Northern State save one—not one such resolution has been received during this session. Illinois, Indiana and Michigan have reversed their legislation—New York, although not redeemed sufficiently to re-elect the great champion of the Constitution, yet the Whig party cannot elect a man, if he be one of those who is opposed to the execution of the law.

Mr. Clemens said the law had been executed everywhere. He told an anecdote about Mr. Hale, of N. H.

Mr. Hale—The Senator is mistaken. I told him that a negro came to my house, representing himself to be a fugitive slave. He was not in my presence three minutes before I knew that he was an impostor, for while speaking to me he kept his hat on, which I knew no one who was ever a slave would do in the presence of a gentleman. (Great laughter.)

Mr. Clemens said that mobs could occur everywhere. A convent was burnt once—an actor once caused a mob in the great city of New York, resulting in bloodshed. Churches were torn down in Philadelphia. Property of private citizens was destroyed in Baltimore. In the South West gangs of marauders have set the laws at defiance for weeks together. He regarded the legislation of free States, excluding blacks, as any thing but hostile to the South. The same law was in force in many Southern States. He would prefer that every free State would pass laws excluding negroes—if this were done it would be better than a law to render up fugitives. If not allowed to enter free States, slaves could not run away. He considered the President was doing his duty, and would continue to do so.

ALMANAC.

March 1851.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases
1 Saturday	6 26	5 34	1 8	
2 Sunday	6 24	5 36	1 44	
3 Monday	6 23	5 37	2 21	D. H. M.
4 Tuesday	6 22	5 38	3 4	New 2 8 2
5 Wed'sday	6 20	5 40	3 46	First 10 4 33
6 Thursday	6 19	5 41	4 29	Full 17 8 9
7 Friday	6 18	5 42	5 14	Last 24 9 17
8 Saturday	6 16	5 44	6 1	

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Feb. 16,	38	40	43
17,	28	33	36
18,	32	40	45
19,	33	41	46
20,	37	47	51
21,	52	55	57
22,	50	55	56

Marriages.

On Monday evening, Dec. 16th, 1850, by Ald. W. P. Hibberd, Mr. William L. Torbert, of Philadelphia, to Miss Hester, daughter of Mr. Stephen Blatchford, of Chester county, Pa.

In Mount Calvary Church, Baltimore, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. John Coleman, D. D., Rector of Trinity Church, Philadelphia, James S. Young, of this city, to Emma, daughter of the late D. P. L. Thomas, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On the 18th ult. by the Rev. Charles D. Cooper, Lambert R. Massey, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Sol. W. Conrad, all of Philadelphia.

On the 18th ult. by the same, Charles Hewitt, of Trenton, N. J. to Anna, daughter of the late Sol. W. Conrad, of Philadelphia.

On the 5th ult. by the Rev. J. Poisal, Mr. John S. Moore, to Miss Jane A. Best, all of Philadelphia.

On the 10th ult. by the Rev. W. S. Perkins, Dr. William S. Bishop, surgeon in U. S. Navy, to Miss Jane S. Dean, daughter of the late Dr. Dean, of Harrisburg, Pa.

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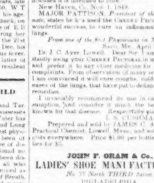

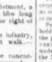

Selected Poetry.

HEART SHADOWS.

The rack that weaves a vapory pall
Between the sun and earth
Soon passes, and the birds again
Make melody and mirth;
But ah! there is a darker cloud
That will not thus depart,
But flings, though roll away the years,
A shadow on the heart.

The dim and misty veil that drapes
A sombre April sky
Is kindled, now and then, by gleams
Of Day's bright golden eye;
But through a denser, darker cloud
The sunbeam cannot dart—
It coldly flings for evermore
A shadow on the heart.

It may be Study that has brought
This deep, abiding gloom—
Blind, erring Love, whose roses frail
Catch odors from the tomb;
Or pleasure wild, that beckons us
To sail without a chart,
May fling, till o'er the stormy cruise,
A shadow on the heart.

Let Music wake her sweetest note,
And Joy his loudest strain—
The light that cheered and warmed of old
Comes never back again.
The mantle of a night that morn
In twain will never part,
Flings heavily for evermore
Chill shadows on the heart.

Selected Sketch.

POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

LIGHTENING BEFORE DEATH.—Not unfrequently long periods of delirium or maniacal excitement have shut out from anxious friends the consoling but painful intercourse of the death-chamber. Sometimes a sudden gleam of returning reason will light up the darkness of these aberrations, and admit the last farewell and dying look of affection which dwell for ever in the heart. Who has not felt a something of the supernatural in these timely revisitings of the mind in those who are about to part with time and all who loved them? Nurses, who love the mysterious, delight in stories of this kind, and call this return of the mind a "*lightening before death*;" thus likening it to the throes of a dying flame, which for a moment shed a sickly illumination around, but only to make the succeeding darkness more apparent and appalling.

That the mind is thus often temporarily restored, is a fact continually brought before us, and one which is far from being so mysterious as it may at first sight appear. Sir Henry Halford, in a collection of essays, which were read before the College of Physicians, has alluded to the subject, and gives an explanation which appears to me sufficiently satisfactory. He is speaking of the necessity of cautiously estimating symptoms of apparent improvement in the latter stages of disease; and mentions the following instance:—

"A young gentleman of family, about twenty-five years of age, took cold whilst under the influence of mercury. The disease increased daily, until it was accompanied at last by so much fever and delirium, as made it necessary to use not only the most powerful medicines, but also personal restraint. At length, after three days of incessant exertion, during which he never slept for an instant, he ceased to rave, and was calm and collected. His perception of external objects became correct, and, they no longer distressed him, and he asked pressingly if it were possible that he could live? On being answered tenderly, but not in a way calculated to deceive, that it was probable he might not, he dictated most affectionate communications to his friends abroad, recollected some claims upon his purse, 'set his house in order,' and died the following night."* This appearance of a favorable change, Sir Henry Halford ingeniously ascribes to the failure of strength, and the consequent "mitigated influence of the action of the heart upon the brain."

The restoration of intellect immediately before death, or even the quiet and thoughtful exercise of the mind which sometimes precedes dissolution, seem, in the excited state in which we usually contemplate them as almost given for prophetic purposes. Sir Henry Halford brings forward much classical matter to show that the ancients regarded in this light, the words of the dying. These I shall pass over; but I may just mention two quotations which he makes from Shakspeare, and which will be, perhaps, more readily intelligible than many of the other learned authorities which he quotes. When Hotspur is mortally wounded, he exclaims—

—"Oh, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue."

Again, in Richard II., Old John of Gaunt, in his dying moments, says—

"Methinks I am a prophet new inspired,
And thus expiring do foretell of him—
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last!"

SCROFULA.—Though names in reality cannot alter the things which they represent, and, as the great poet says, "the rose by any other name would smell as sweet," yet it seems that the public are not of opinion that a disease is equally acceptable under one name as under another. Now, in practice among the higher classes of society, very many cases of scrofulous disease occur; but wo be to the medical man who is so unguarded as to make use of the word *scrofula*! "Oh," they would immediately say, "you are quite mistaken, sir; there is nothing scrofulous in our family, I can assure you!" and this would be accompanied with a feeling of affront which nothing could afterwards remove. Do such persons know what is meant by scrofula, or are they afraid of a name? You may tell them that their friends are of weak, poor constitutions—of constitutions incapable of healthy action; that they are consumptive, the subjects of diseased *joints*, or enlarged glands, but *never* scrofulous. It must be owned the name is not a very pleasant one, for it is derived from the scientific name of the hog—"*Sus scrofa*"—from some fancied resemblance to the diseases of this animal. Scrofula has some claims, however, to be viewed as a fashionable complaint, for it is called "the king's evil;" and you all know that the royal touch was considered a potent remedy. Thus in "Macbeth"—

"*Malcolm.*—Comes the King forth, I pray you?
Doctor.—Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure."

I do not say that medical men should be over-ready to make use of a term which is connected with so many unfortunate cases of disease; but where the case is confirmed and decided, should it be altogether a forbidden term? A perfectly honest medical man is by no means always the best received, and many clever practitioners, who are successful in their profession, are as much so from their tact in discriminating character, and adapting themselves to the fancies and peculiarities of their patients, as to the abilities which they may possess or the information they have gained; but yet we will hope that honesty and truth will be discovered, at least by some, the approbation of whom will outweigh a whole theatre of others.

VINEGAR—FAT PEOPLE.—There is a popular notion that vinegar will make people thin; and probably some who are ambitious of being more than ordinarily genteel, may actually take it with this view. In the "Gulstonian Lectures," delivered by Dr. Thomas King Chambers, May, 1850, the subject is corpulency, and Dr. Chambers casually alludes to this idea about vinegar. "Vinegar has been employed," says he, "by those who are foolish enough to practise upon themselves; but as it produces thinness only by injuring the digestive organs, the benefit is not worth the price paid for it, and no medical man would ever advise the use of such a remedy." Somewhat similar is the administration of gin to stop the growth; and I think a like explanation may be given of its action, if in reality it have any.

Dr. Chambers does, however, mention one remedy, which, along with exercise and regimen, he thinks might be serviceable in excessive corpulency—namely, a solution of potass (*liquor potassæ*). He supposes that this would unite with the fat, so as to form a kind of saponaceous compound. Sir Benjamin Brodie has recommended the same medicine for fatty tumors. I must content myself, however, with denying the efficacy of vinegar, and leave the more strictly medical questions for decision in individual cases.

SLOW POISONS.—The subject of slow poisoning is one with respect to which there has been considerable superstition. Beck tells us that in Italy it was formerly believed that poisons were invented for destroying life at any given period. Of course poisons might be given in small quantities, from time to time, so as to impair health, and eventually cause death; but this is not the idea which is commonly entertained on this point. That some poisons will operate long after the period of their administration or application, is proved by the fact, that the *virus* of hydrophobia is capable of remaining so long in a latent condition. It is said that the period of *incubation*, as it is called, varies from six weeks to eighteen months. We know of no poisons, however, which can determine death at particular and precise periods. The ancients are supposed to have given considerable attention to this subject, but no doubt much fiction is mixed up with these accounts. Professor Beckman tells us that Theophrastus speaks of a poison prepared from aconite which could be moderated in such a manner as to have effect in two or three months, or at the end of a year or two years.

Some of the slow poisons of the ancients were given as hair-powders, and contained preparations of lead, which were thus gradually introduced into the system. These were called, I think, by the French the *Poudres de Succession*, and for a very obvious reason. A great deal, however, which we read about the slow poisons is exaggerated, or altogether erroneous, especially what relates to their determining death at remote but precise periods. It is probable that many of these stories have originated in the then prevailing doctrines of anathemas and witchcraft.

SHINGLES.—The term shingles is one in common use. It appears to be a corruption of the Latin word *cingulo*, which means a girdle. This complaint (the shingles) consists in a vesicular eruption, which breaks out generally about the waist, and, I believe, mostly on the right side. The spots come out in clusters, so as in time to form a kind of half belt; and there is a vulgar error, that if the eruption completes the circle, it is fatal. In Bailey's Dictionary, under the name Shingles, the writer gives the following definition:—"A disease; a spreading inflammation about the waist, which kills the patient if it gets quite round." Fortunately this is not the case: but the complaint *does* seldom get quite round. It is altogether a curious affection, being preceded by darting pains, which continue for a long time, and are a good deal puzzling until the appearance of the eruption. The patient is perhaps anxious about these pains; but when the eruption shows itself, and you tell him it is the *shingles*, he is quite content; so that, after all, there is in physic, as I have said, a great deal in a name.

SOOTHING SYRUP.—I cannot here avoid alluding to a practice of rubbing children's gums with preparations which profess to allay the irritation of teething. I think the statements made respecting these syrups are peculiarly calculated to mislead, as they are intended to make it appear that the action of the medicine is entirely a local one. For my part I cannot but conceive that if such remedies have any effect at all, they operate in no other manner than that of producing a narcotic influence on the brain. Consequently they are to be classed in a category of medicines all of which are decidedly improper for domestic use. Many parents who are averse to the employment of professed anodyne medicines for infants, still think that there can be no harm in soothing the gums with what they consider merely topical applications. It would be well, however, for such persons to bear in mind that the gums and mouths of children, at a very early age, present active absorbent faces, and that medines rubbed on such parts must either be totally useless or highly prejudicial. I have heard it said by mothers of considerable observation and experience that the use of some of these quack medicines in the nursery is of great utility. I am far from denying that anodynes may not be occasionally useful; but they should never be given at the discretion of any but properly-educated medical men, and only in those cases in which it seems that they cannot be dispensed with.

MONOMANIA.—The public, and, I rather think, some medical men also, have what appear to me to be erroneous notions respecting monomania. Monomania, as the word implies, is madness on one particular subject; and it is often thought that if the patient can be set right on that particular subject, a cure will be effected. There is a story, and a very good one, too, in the "Diary of a Late Physician," which, if I remember it rightly, turns on this idea. A man is represented as imagining his head to be placed on his shoulders the wrong way. For this insane idea a physician is consulted, who hits upon an expedient which is attended with the happiest results. The physician enters into his patient's conceit, condoles with him on his misfortune, and assures him that nothing but a severe operation can possibly rescue him from his calamity. The operation is no other than that of turning his head back to its right place. A room is accordingly darkened, and by the aid of an electric shock he is made to suppose that his head is wrenched round to its former position. His dress, which he had worn to correspond to his own notions, being at the same time set straight. This completely disabuses him of his delusion, and he rises a changed man. The story is called the "Turned Head." It is rather too bad to spoil a good story, and especially as it is the only funny one in a remarkably pathetic book; yet truth must be told. It must be owned that a lunatic will often manifest his insanity principally, or even solely, upon one topic; but I think it will be found that the subject in question is the one in which he is chiefly interested, and that if he could succeed in diverting his mind from it, the insanity would show itself on the next topic which interested him. It is not, in point of fact, the dwelling on the individual topic or single subject which constitutes the disease, but the habit of the mind to dwell morbidly on whatever interests the most. If you convince a man who fancies himself a tea-urn that he is altogether under a misapprehension, he will probably tell you on your next visit that he finds you are quite right in what you said: he knows *now* that he is not a tea-urn at all, but a sugar-basin, and will be obliged to you to keep at a respectful distance, lest you break him into pieces.

It is true that patients may continue saying the same things for years; but this is only the pertinaceous manifestation of a wrong bias of mind, which bias is capable of showing itself in divers forms. Pinel mentions cases where a dominant idea has lasted twenty or thirty years.

The minds of people who have these peculiar dominant ideas, I think, would be generally found not correct on others, if scrupulously examined; and in this opinion I find I am borne out by the late able Dr. Pritchard. The wrong notion is not, then, as some people imagine, a mere single error, but an indication of a faulty direction of mind, which, as I have said, might manifest itself in various ways, and is probably more or less incorrect in all. People tell, however, the most remarkable stories about these monomaniacs, and even make them out to be the wisest of all people when the subject of their insanity is not broached.

In Aubrey's "Lives and Letters of Eminent Men," a curious instance is mentioned of this supposed monomania. Speaking of the celebrated James Harrington, the political writer, he says, "His durance in prison was the cause of deliration or madness, which was not outrageous, for he would discourse rationally enough, and he was very facetious company; but he grew to have a fancy that his perspiration turned to flies, and sometimes to bees; and he had a *versatile* timber-house built in Mr. Hart's garden, opposite to St. James's Park, to try the experiment. He would turn it to the sun, and sit towards it; then he had his fox-tails to chase away and massacre all the flies and bees that were to be found there, and then shut his chasses. Now this experiment was only to be tried in warm weather, and some flies would lie so close in the crannies and the cloth with which the place was hung, that they would not presently show themselves. A quarter of an hour after, perhaps, a fly, or two, or more, might be drawn out of the lurking holes by the warmth, and then he would cry out, 'Do you not see it is evident that these come from me?' 'Twas the strangest sort of madness that ever I found in any one. Talk of anything else, his discourse would be very ingenious and pleasant."—The writer goes on to say—"He married his old sweetheart, Mrs. Daynell, a comely and discreet lady"—which is certainly a good ending of the story.

COMPOUND FRACTURE.—Medical men speak of fractures as simple and compound; and a common misunderstanding arises from this mode of expression, which it may not be amiss to point out. The error to which I allude is this—that a simple fracture is supposed to be a fracture in one place, and a compound fracture a fracture of a bone in two or more places. This is not, however, the meaning of the terms as they are employed in medical writings. Surgeons consider those fractures alone to be compound in which an external wound communicates with the bone the injury not being simply the fracture of a bone, but a fracture compounded with an external injury. It must be confessed that the term is not a good one, inasmuch as it so naturally leads to misapprehension. The term complicated would be better, which I believe to be used in France.

TONGUE-TIED.—Beneath the tongue is a little fold of membrane, which is significantly called the bridle of the tongue (*frænum linguæ*)—very useful, by-the-bye, if it were really so. In some few instances it would appear to be so short, as to interfere with the free motions of the tongue, and it has been customary to divide it with a pair of scissors—an operation, however, which requires some care, as there are blood-vessels in the neighborhood which have to be avoided (the lingual arteries). It is said by Professor Burns, who is an authority on subjects of this nature, that "he has not seen two children in all his practice who really required the operation." In cases where a child is able to suck, the operation does not appear to be necessary.

A late surgeon of Manchester, who, by the way, was a man of great information and extensive experience, was in the habit of amusing himself with the fears of nurses in this respect. When a child was brought to him with the professed intention of having the bridle of its tongue cut, he would smilingly ask whether it was a female infant. "Oh," he would say, in case of an affirmative reply, "take your child away; I wont have anything to do with it. A woman who does not talk will be precious indeed!" It seems, then, that though the bridle of the tongue is sometimes too small, the defect is far from being so common as is generally imagined. It may at least be considered as an error of exaggeration, worth being mentioned as such.

* Essays and Orations.

CHILDISH HEROISM.—In a late number of the Knickerbocker, is an anecdote of "childish heroism," which will go straight to the heart of parents:—

You are fond of telling stories of children, of their loves, rogueries and heroisms; let us make an addition to your stock of tender anecdotes. A hearty, generous boy of my acquaintance, between six and seven years old, in a neighboring town, was afflicted with a dangerous chronic disease, that rendered a surgical operation necessary. The little fellow bore his periodical attacks bravely, but his parents saw that at each return his suffering increased, until at last they yielded to the advice of the attending physician, and consented that their darling should undergo the necessary operation, although they knew that it would be at the peril of his precious life. The father told his boy, with an anguished heart, that he must submit to a dangerous and painful operation, and asked him if he would for his mother's sake, consent. The little fellow listened gravely and replied, that he would do as his father requested, but they must allow him to name his own time. Nothing more was said to him on the subject; but at the end of a week, he said to his father—"Now I am ready, papa; let them operate on me to-morrow."

Notice was sent to the surgeon, who came, attended by his students and assistants. The preparations were all made, the child was undressed, and a loose gown put over his shoulders, when he was taken into the room where the operation was to be performed. He saw the tub placed under the table that was to catch his blood, and permitted himself, without a murmur, to be laid upon the board, and voluntarily stretched out his little arms to be bound. The sponges were placed around his body; then looking up to his uncle, he said—"Now tell my papa and mamma to go out of the room and I shall be ready." His parents were already gone, but he was afraid that they were there, and would be distressed by his cries. But he uttered no cry. Ether was administered to him, and the operation was performed. But the little hero never again opened his eyes to bless those whose happiness was bound up in his existence.

Wit and Humor.

CLERICAL ANECDOTE.

The Rev. Mr. ———, a Scotch minister, of some humor, was walking through the streets of Edinburgh, dressed in his rough country clothes, when a young lady, the leader of a group of fashionable belles, surveyed him through her quizzing glass rather more curiously than he thought consistent with female delicacy. Seeming suddenly to recognize her, he walked briskly up, and seizing her hand with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, accosted her with—

"My dear Maria! how do you do!—how left you your worthy father and venerable mother?—and when did you come to town?"

All this was expressed with an energy and rapidity of a surprised recognition of an old and familiar friend, and with an air of equality a little savoring of superiority. The astonished fair one had not time to withdraw her hand or to make reply, until he paused as if out of breath, and waited for her to return his friendly greetings, looking her still in the face. The fine young lady had by this time recovered from her confusion, and hastily withdrawing her hand, said with some alarm—

"You are mistaken, sir."

"What," replied he, "is it possible, my dear, that you do not know me?"

"Indeed, I do not, sir."

"Neither do I you," said the parson; "good morning, madam," and making a ceremonious bow, he walked away.

She was perfectly cured of quizzing strangers in the street.

ACCEPTING AN INVITATION.—A Captain Mosely, one of the French overland to California expedition, had been staying at Willard's a couple of weeks, and had during that time been excessively annoyed by a particular cabman, and determined to put a stop to it. Accordingly one day coming out of the hotel, and being accosted as usual, with "take a ride to-day, sir?" said he would—and he did, for he made the fellow drive him first to the Capitol, then to the War Department, then to the National Hotel, then back to the Capitol, and at last home to his hotel, after some three hours. On stepping out of the cab, he politely asked the driver to take a drink with him, and this exercise being performed, inquired at the office for his letters and started for his room. As he reached the stairs, the cabman stopped him with—

"But you have not paid me."

"Paid you!—for what?" demanded the apparently astonished Mosely.

"Why, for the ride."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mosely. "Here is a gentleman, who for two successive weeks has had the politeness to ask me to ride, and when to-day I have found an opportunity to accept his polite invitation, asks me to pay for it."

A loud laugh broke forth from the assembled bystanders; and the cabman, finding himself sold, stood treats and *vamosed*, minus the pay for his three hour's drive.

He never asked Mosely to ride after that.—*Pennsylvanian.*

ANECDOTE OF MIRABEAU.—The vanity of Mirabeau exposed him, it is said, to a droll reproof. At some important political crisis he was descanting in society on the qualities requisite in a minister to extricate the crown, the assembly, and the nation, from the difficulties in which they were involved, viz.: great knowledge, great genius, acquaintance and perhaps connection with the upper ranks, some common feelings with the lower classes, a power of speaking and of writing eloquently and readily, familiarity with the world, the popularity of a martyr from recent prosecution, and many others, which it was obvious enough that he thought were united in himself.

"All this is true," said a friend, "but you have omitted one of his qualities."

"No—surely!—what do you mean?"

"Should he not," replied the same sarcastic friend, "be very much pitted with the small-pox?"—*Holland's Reminiscences.*

ANECDOTE OF JACKSON.—General Jackson has been reported—how justly I know not—upon some occasion, in a company of ladies, to have given a brief, but spirited, description of all his predecessors, in the Presidential chair, till he came down to the time of President Tyler, when, seizing his hat, he proceeded to bow himself out of the room. The ladies, however, insisted upon his completing the catalogue—

"*Well, ladies,*" said he, "*it is matter of history, and may therefore be spoken—President Tyler, ladies, was—pretty much nothing.*"

AWKWARD LOYALTY.—When Queen Elizabeth, in one of her progresses, soon after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, visited Shrewsbury, the Mayor, on congratulating her on the event, said,

"When the King of Spain attacked your Majesty, egad, he took the wrong sow by the ear!"

The Queen could not help smiling at this; and her admiration was further heightened, when, at her departure, he begged permission "to attend her Majesty to the gallows!" which stood a mile out of town.

REPORT COURTEOUS.—Some years since a couple of young ladies (who are now married women in this city) were tripping it o'er the green, when the one who was behind fell to the ground. The other looking back, and seeing her companion was uninjured, laughed merrily as she said:

"Pride must be humbled."

"And, a haughty spirit goeth before a fall," retorted her companion as she rose.

A more apt and ready repartee we have never heard.—*Sanduskian.*

NOT SO BAD AS IT SOUNDS.—The author of the "Comic Law Dictionary," in the Burlington (Vermont) Sentinel, says of the legal phrase,—"*Damnum Sanum*,"—that "it doth not import a profane and peremptory command of the law that an aggrieved person shall bring immediate suit against wrong doers—as one might hastily imagine—but is a Latin expression, which signifies one's '*open hurt*,' and contains no intimation of hurting anybody else."

Natural History.

A VISIT TO THE REPTILE HOUSE IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN AT LONDON.

About ten o'clock one evening during the last spring, in company with two naturalists of eminence, we entered that apartment. A small lantern was our only light, and the faint illumination of this imparted a ghastly character to the scene before us. The clear plate-glass which faces the cages was invisible, and it was difficult to believe that monsters were in confinement and the spectators secure. Those who have only seen the Boas and Pythons, the Rattlesnakes and Cobras, lazily hanging in festoons from the forks of the trees in dens, or sluggishly coiled up, can form no conception of the appearance and actions of the same creatures at night. The huge Boas and Pythons were chasing each other in every direction, whisking about the dens with the rapidity of lightning, sometimes clinging in huge coils round the branches, anon entwining each other in massive folds, then separating they would rush over and under the branches, hissing and lashing their tails in hideous sport. Ever and anon, thirsty with their exertions, they would approach the pans containing water, and drink eagerly, lapping it with their forked tongues. As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we perceived objects better, and on the uttermost branch of the tree in the den of the biggest serpent, we perceived a pigeon quietly roosting, apparently indifferent alike to the turmoil which was going on around, and the vicinity of the monster whose meal it was soon to form. In the den of one of the smaller serpents was a little mouse, whose panting sides and fast-beating heart showed that it, at least, disliked its company. Misery is said to make us acquainted with strange bedfellows, but evil must be the star of that mouse or pigeon whose lot it is to be the comrade and prey of a serpent!

A singular circumstance occurred not long since at the Gardens, showing that the mouse at times has the best of it. A litter of rattlesnakes was born in the Gardens—curious little active things without rattles—hiding under stones, or coiling together in complicated knots, with their clustering heads resembling Medusa's locks. It came to pass that a mouse was put into the cage for the breakfast of the mamma, but she, not being hungry, took no notice. The poor mouse gradually became accustomed to its strange companions, and would appear to have been pressed by hunger, for it actually nibbled away great part of the jaw of one of the little rattlesnakes, so that it died!—perhaps the first instance of such a turning of the tables. An interesting fact was proved by this, namely, that these reptiles when young are quite defenceless, and do not acquire either the power of injuring others, or of using their rattles until their adolescence.

During the time we were looking at these creatures, all sorts of odd noises were heard; a strange scratching against the glass would be audible; 'twas the Carnivorous Lizard endeavoring to inform us that it was a fast-day with him, entirely contrary to his inclination. A sharp hiss would startle us from another quarter, and we stept back involuntarily as the lantern revealed the inflated hood and threatening action of an angry cobra. Then a rattlesnake would take umbrage, and, sounding an alarm, would make a stroke against the glass, intended for our person. The fixed gaze too from the brilliant eyes of the huge Pythons, was more fascinating than pleasant, and the scene, taking it altogether, more exciting than agreeable. Each of the spectators involuntarily stooped to make sure that his trowsers were well strapped down; and, as if our nerves were jesting, a strange sensation would every now and then be felt, resembling the twining of a small snake about the legs. Just before leaving the house, a great dor beetle which had flown in, attracted by the light, struck with some force against our right ear; startled indeed we were, for at the moment our impression was that it was some member of the Happy Family around us who had favored us with a mark of his attention.

In feeding the larger serpents, the Boas and Pythons, some care is necessary lest such an accident should occur as that which befell Mr. Cope, of the Lion Office in the Tower, some years ago. Mr. Cope was holding a fowl to the head of the largest of the five snakes which were then there kept; the snake was changing its skin, consequently, being nearly blind, (for the skin of the eye is changed with the rest,) it darted at the fowl but missed it, and seized the keeper by the left thumb, coiling round his arm and neck in a moment, and fixing itself by its tail to one of the posts of its cage, thus giving itself greater power. Mr. Cope, who was alone, did not lose his presence of mind, and immediately attempted to relieve himself from the powerful constriction by getting at the serpent's head; but the serpent had so knotted itself upon its own head, that Mr. Cope could not reach it, and had thrown himself upon the floor, in order to grapple with greater success, with his formidable opponent, when, fortunately, two other keepers came in and rushed to the rescue. The struggle even then was severe, but at length they succeeded in breaking the teeth of the serpent, and relieving Mr. Cope from his perilous situation; two broken teeth were extracted from the thumb; the wounds soon healed, and no further inconvenience followed. Still more severe was the contest which took place between a negro herdsman, belonging to Mr. Alsoo, for many years Governor of Fort William, on the coast of Africa. This man was seized by a huge Python whilst passing through a wood. The serpent fixed his fangs in his thigh, but, in attempting to throw himself round his body, fortunately became entangled with a tree, and the man being thus preserved from a state of compression which would have instantly rendered him powerless, had presence of mind to cut, with a large knife which he carried about with him, deep gashes in the neck and throat of his antagonist, thereby killing him, and disengaging himself from his frightful situation. He never afterwards, however, recovered the use of the limb, which had sustained considerable injury from the fangs and mere force of the jaws, and for many years limped about the fort, a living example of the prowess of these fearful serpents.

The true *Boas*, it is to be observed, are restricted to America, the name *Python* being given to the large serpents of Africa and India. It is related by Pliny that the army of Regulus was alarmed by a huge serpent, one hundred and twenty-three feet in length. This account is doubtful; but there is a well-authenticated instance of the destruction of a snake above sixty-two feet long, whilst in the act of coiling itself round the body of a man. The snakes at the Gardens will generally be found coiled and twined together in large clusters, probably for the sake of warmth. Dr. Carpenter knew an instance in which no less than *thirteen hundred* of our English harmless snakes were found in an old lime kiln! The *battue* which ensued can better be imagined than described.

The cobras, the puff-adders, and some of the highly-venomous serpents are principally found in rocky and sandy places, and very dangerous they are. Mr. Gould, the eminent ornithologist, had a most narrow escape of his life when in the interior of Australia; there is a serpent found in those arid wastes, whose bite is fatal in an incredibly short time, and it springs at an object with great force. Mr. Gould was a little in advance of his party, when suddenly a native who was with him screamed out, "Oh! massa! dere big snake!" Mr. Gould started, and putting his foot in a hole, nearly fell to the ground. At that instant the snake made its spring, and had it not been for his stumble, would have struck him in the face; as it was, it passed over his head, and was shot before it could do any further mischief. It was a large snake, of the most venomous sort, and the natives gathered round the sportsman anxiously inquiring if it had bitten him? Finding it had not, all said they thought he was "good for dead," when they saw the reptile spring.

There is no branch of knowledge, perhaps, in which prejudices adhere with so much tenacity, nor in which the general public are so little informed as the organization and habits of serpents. This doubtless arises from the absence of these reptiles in any number from public or private menageries, so that but few opportunities have hitherto been afforded of gaining instruction in that branch of Natural History. In this respect, the collection at the Gardens will be very valuable, and will do much to explode errors, and impart correct information. Nine out of ten persons do not know the ordinary harmless snake of this island from the poisonous adder, and the strangest ignorance yet exists respecting the structure of that class. Of this we had two striking examples, whilst waiting in the Reptile-house: a respectable-looking artisan, with a wife and three children, came in, and presently he began in an oracular tone to lionize his family. One of the rattlesnakes happened to vibrate his tongue, after the manner of his tribe, when the father exclaimed, "There! you see that! now if that snake were to touch anybody with that sting of his, he'd be dead in a twinkling of a bye!—that sting is the most venomist thing in natur!" Another group were watching the asps as they wriggled about, and one remarked, "I s'pose they be deadly poisonous?" A friend rejoined, "Lor' bless you, nothing so deadly as the blindworm. I've heard say that if a dog be stung by a blindworm, he'd be dead in no time." The tenacity of life of popular errors is perfectly wonderful; and, curious enough, the blunders of these worthy men were prevalent at the time of Shakspeare, and shared by him. A more harmless creature than the blindworm, or slow-worm, (as it is sometimes called,) does not exist, although from time immemorial it has had the misfortune to possess an evil reputation. The great poet speaks of

Adder's fork and blindworm's sting.

Hermia also says to *Demetrius*:—

And hast thou killed him sleeping? Oh, brave touch.
Could not a worm, an adder do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

The expression "sting," as applied to snakes, is altogether incorrect; the tongue has nothing to do with the infliction of injury. Serpents bite, and the difference between the harmless and venomous serpents generally is simply this; the mouths of the harmless snakes and the whole tribe of boas are provided with sharp teeth, but no fangs; their bite, therefore, is innocuous; the poisonous serpents, on the other hand, have two poison-fangs attached to the upper jaw, which lie flat upon the roof of the mouth when not in use, and are concealed by a fold of the skin. In each fang is a tube which opens near the point of the tooth by a fissure; when the creature is irritated, the fangs are at once erected. The poison bag is placed beneath the muscles which act on the lower jaw, so that when the fangs are struck into the victim the poison is injected with much force to the very bottom of the wound.

But how do Boa Constrictors swallow goats and antelopes, and other large animals whole? The process is very simple; the lower jaw is not united to the upper, but is hung to a long, stalk-shaped bone, on which it is movable, and this bone is only attached to the skull by ligaments, susceptible of extraordinary extension. The process by which these serpents take and swallow their prey has been so graphically described in the second volume of the "Zoological Journal," by that very able naturalist and graceful writer, W. J. Broderip, Esq., F. R. S., that we shall transcribe it, being able, from frequent ocular demonstration, to vouch for its correctness. A large buck rabbit was introduced into the cage of a Boa Constrictor of great size:—"The snake was down and motionless in a moment. There he lay like a log without one symptom of life, save that which glared in the small bright eye twinkling in his depressed head. The rabbit appeared to take notice of him, but presently began to walk about the cage. The snake suddenly, but almost imperceptibly, turned his head according to the rabbit's movements, as if to keep the object within the range of his eye. At length the rabbit, totally unconscious of his situation, approached the ambushed head. The snake dashed at him like lightning. There was a blow—a scream—and instantly the victim was locked in the coils of the serpent. This was done almost too rapidly for the eye to follow; at one instant the snake was motionless—the next he was one congeries of coils round his prey. He had seized the rabbit by the neck just under the ear, and was evidently exerting the strongest pressure round the thorax of the quadruped; thereby preventing the expansion of the chest, and at the same time depriving the anterior extremities of motion. The rabbit never cried after the first seizure; he lay with his hind legs stretched out, still breathing with difficulty, as could be seen by the motion of his flanks. Presently he made one desperate struggle with his hind legs; but the snake cautiously applied another coil with such dexterity as completely to manacle the lower extremities, and in about eight minutes the rabbit was quite dead. The snake then gradually and carefully uncoiled himself, and finding that his victim moved not, opened his mouth, let go his hold, and placed his head opposite the fore-part of the rabbit. The boa, generally, I have observed, begins with the head; but, in this instance, the serpent having begun with the fore-legs, was longer in gorging his prey than usual, and, in consequence of the difficulty presented by the awkward position of the rabbit, the dilatation and secretion of the lubricating mucus was excessive. The serpent first got the fore-legs into his mouth; he then coiled himself round the rabbit, and appeared to draw out the dead body through his folds; he then began to dilate his jaws, and holding the rabbit firmly in a coil, as a point of resistance, appeared to exercise at intervals the whole of his anterior muscles in protruding his stretched jaws and lubricated mouth and throat, at first against, and soon after gradually upon and over, his prey. When the prey was completely engulphed, the serpent lay for a few moments with his dislocated jaws still dropping with the mucus which had lubricated the parts, and at this time he looked quite sufficiently disgusting. He then stretched out his neck, and at the same moment the muscles seemed to push the prey further downwards. After a few efforts to replace the parts, the jaws appeared much the same as they did previous to the monstrous repast."

In conclusion, we would offer a remark which visitors to the Gardens do well to bear in mind; the glass which incloses the cages is incapable of being broken by any efforts of the serpents themselves, but we have seen many persons rapping on it with sticks and parasols to irritate those creatures. An accidental push from behind, or too sharp a blow, might break the glass, and the consequence, of the escape of half-a-dozen angry Puff-Adders, a leash of lively Rattlesnakes, or even a couple of active Boa Constrictors into a crowded room, might be exceedingly unpleasant.

Selected Articles.

BEES.

There are two hundred and ninety-two species of the bee or apis genus, and one hundred and eleven in England.

The honey-bee is well known and deservedly respected for the use which man makes of their industry, and too often by the wholesale murder of the ingenious creatures whom he robs. But this most cruel practice is now, even from selfish motives, abated. The queen is the mother of the whole hive, and her eggs become males, females, and workers, or neuters, which last make the combs and cells, and collect the honey. The queen produces some thousands of workers, and then males, which the workers kill at the end of the summer. The workers attend the queen with anxious respect. If she die, they raise a new one by various arts from a working worm. Two queens can not live in the same hive, and one is destroyed.

They have four wings and six legs. The body is covered with hairs, and each hair is like a plant in miniature. The proboscis is employed in collecting honey by licking it from the flower, and conveying it to the stomach, whence it is disgorged into the cells. The wax is formed from the honey. The females and workers have a sting, but the males, or drones, none. It is double, and provided with barbs, which the animal depresses and draws out the sting, unless suddenly driven away. The sting emits a poison into the wound.

In proportionate size, the queen bee is eight and a half, and the male seven, and the workers six. A queen will lay two hundred eggs daily, for fifty or sixty days; and the eggs are hatched in three days. The workers are five days in the worm state, and in twenty days become bees.—The males are six or seven days in the worm state, and in twenty-four days they become bees. A queen is five days in the worm state, and in sixteen days is perfect. When eggs are converted into queens, the old queen destroys them; or if there are two young queens, they fight till one has killed the other. One author asserts that a single queen has produced one hundred thousand bees in a season. Every thing depends on the workers; they collect the honey, make wax, and build the combs; they supply the worms with food; and protect the entrance to the hive; separate business being performed by classes.

There are about nine thousand cells in a comb of a foot square; their first purpose is as nurseries for the young, and they are then cleaned and filled with honey. Five thousand bees weigh a pound. Twenty or thirty pounds of honey are generally got from a hive, sometimes eighty or one hundred pounds, and even more. Formerly it was an inhuman practice to suffocate and destroy the bees, thereby uniting murder with robbery; but good managers have, for many years past, preserved them, and fed them during the winter, by which plan, five hives, at one pound each, have in ten years yielded a profit of one thousand two hundred and eighty pounds. To destroy the swarm for the sake of the honey, is like cutting down fruit trees, independent of the atrocious cruelty attending the practice.

A swarm of bees contains from ten thousand to twenty thousand in a natural state, and from thirty to forty thousand in a hive.

All the experiments on bees prove, that love for their queen and her progeny is the sole stimulous to their persevering industry. Their joy, grief, and other passions are distinguished in the tone of their humming, which to them are articulate sounds. It is the same with other insects, and with all animals, with various extents of vocabulary.

The hexagonal cells of bees have angles 109 degs. 25 min., and 70 degs. 32 min., being the least number and largest size in the space.

A HISTORICAL FACT.—This is a law of eternal justice—man cannot degrade woman without himself falling into degradation; he cannot raise her without becoming better. Let us cast our eyes over the globe, and observe the two great divisions of the human race, the East and the West. One-half of the ancient world remains without progress, without thought, and under the load of a barbarous civilization—women there are slaves. The other half advances towards freedom, light and happiness—the women there are loved and honored.

FALLACIES OF THE GENTLEMEN.

BY A LADY WHO UNFORTUNATELY KNOWS THEM ONLY TOO WELL.

That dinner is to be ready for them the very minute they come into the house.

That a lady's bonnet can be put on as quickly as a gentleman's hat.

That we can dress in a minute; and that ringing the bell violently, has the effect of making us dress one bit the quicker.

That they can do everything so much better than we can—from nursing the baby down to poking the fire.

That they are "the Lords of the Creation,"—(*pretty Lords, indeed!*)

That nothing can be too good for them; for I am sure if you were to put a hot joint before them every day, that still they would be dissatisfied, and would be grumbling that you never gave them cold meat.

That they know our age so much better than we do ourselves. (*Its so very likely!*)

That music can be learnt without practising, and that it is necessary for them to rush out, and to slam the door violently, the very moment we begin to open our voices, or to run over the last new Polka.

That they know what dress and bonnet becomes us so much better than we do.

That it is necessary to make a poor woman cry, because a stupid shirt-button happens to be off. I declare some men must believe that their wives cut off their shirt-buttons purposely, from the savage pleasure they take in abusing them for it.

That housekeeping does not require any money, and if we venture to ask for any, that it is pleasant to be met with all sorts of black looks and insinuations as to "what we can do with it all;" or very agreeable to be told that we will be "the ruin of him some day"—(*I should like to see the day!*)

That the house never requires cleaning, or the tables rubbing, or the carpets beating, or the furniture renewing, or the sofas fresh covers, or, in fact, that anything has a right to wear out, or to be spoilt, or broken; and, in short, that everything ought to last forever!

That a poor lone woman is never to have any pleasure, but always, always, to stop at home, and "mind her children."

That their daughters can learn music, painting, playing, dancing, and all the accomplishments, without the aid of a single master.

That the expenses of one's household do not increase with one's family, but, rather, that ten children can be supported for the same cost as one.

That no husband is perfect, like Hercules, without his "club," and that the less a wife sees of her husband, the fonder she actually grows of him.

That it is a pleasure for us to sit up for them.

Our fair correspondent says, she thinks the above Fallacies are enough for the present, and we certainly agree with her; but if the gentlemen show any more of their airs, she declares that she will give them a lot more.—*Punch.*

STUNG BY A WASP.

One very sultry summer afternoon, in a somewhat dilapidated country church in the State of ———, a young clergyman was preaching to a large and very respectable congregation. At the side of the pulpit, upon the bench next the wall—for benches supplied the place of pews—sat a young man, whose tightly-fitting coat, red vest, and dangling gold chain, gave him a rather dandified appearance. Immediately in front of him sat an elderly gentleman, neatly dressed in black, with a white cravat tied in the most becoming fashion round his neck. Leaning his chin upon his gold-headed cane, he appeared to listen to the discourse with marked attention. Not so, however, the young man behind. Reclining his head against the wall, he was soon in the enjoyment of a comfortable nap, with his mouth stretched widely open. It so happened, as is common in old wooden buildings, that a wasp in its rambling flight frequently struck itself against the ceiling, and would then fall in a straight line toward the floor. Unluckily for the dreams of our sleeper, one of these falls brought the insect into his mouth. As a natural result, the jaws were instantly closed upon it, when, as was equally natural, it ran its weapon of defence into the sleeper's tongue.

"Ugh! Oh! sp—sp—sp—ugh! oh!" was the sudden exclamation, as the young man bounded forward, his head butting the back of the staid old gentleman before him, who, having no knowledge of the cause, deemed the stroke an assault upon him by a half-drunken rowdy. Immediately collaring the offender, he brought his gold-headed cane to bear upon his head and shoulders, exclaiming,

"Here, here! what do you mean sir? How dare you—!"

"Ugh! Oh! sp—sp—oh!" was the only response.

"So you not only strike, but you spit at me to boot, you villain!" cried the old gentleman, plying his cane more vigorously.

"Oh! ugh! sp—I—I couldn't—sp—sp—ugh!" was all the other could articulate.

With a look toward the pulpit that was indescribably comic, the excited old gentleman, not exactly knowing what he said, cried out,

"Here, Mr. ———, if you allow such doings in your church, I'll never come here again!"

This was too much for the preacher's risible faculties to bear—for he had witnessed the whole scene—so, taking advantage of the confusion which prevailed, he sat down and laughed heartily.

The congregation dispersed without much regard to decorum; but it was long before the excited gentleman could be pacified, or the young man collect his scattered thoughts.—*Philadelphia Saturday Express.*

OUTLINE SKETCHES.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.—Douglas Jerrold, a well-known contributor to Punch, and editor of various publications, is a man about fifty years of age, and in person is remarkably spare and diminutive. His face is sharp and angular, and his eye is of greyish hue. He is probably one of the most caustic writers of the age, and with keen sensibility he often writes under the impulse of the moment articles which his cooler judgment condemns. Although a believer in hydropathy, his habits do not conform to internal application of Adam's ale, and his too frequent devotion at the shrine of Bacchus has tended to keep him poor, despite his large earnings. His Candle Lectures have been read by every one. In conversation he is quick at retort—not always refined. He is a husband and grandfather—but he lacks religious feeling.

HON. T. B. MACAULAY.—Mr. Macaulay is short in stature, round, and with a growing tendency to aldermanic disproportions. His head has the same rotundity as his body, and seems stuck on it as firmly as a pin-head. This is nearly the sum of his personal defects; all else, except the voice (which is monotonous and very disagreeable,) is certainly in his favor. His face seems literally instinct with expression; the eye, above all, full of deep thought and meaning. As he walks, or rather straggles, along the street, he seems as if in a state of total abstraction, unmindful of all that is going on around him, and solely occupied with his own working mind. You can not help thinking that literature with him is not a mere profession or pursuit, but that it has almost grown a part of himself, as though historical problems or analytical criticism were a part of his daily and regular intellectual food.

THOMAS HAYNES BAILEY.—A correspondent of the Tribune says, writing from Nottingham, England: "I have seen Bailey, author of 'Festus.' His father is proprietor of the Nottingham Mercury, and the editorial department rests with him. He is a thick-set sort of a man; of a stature below the middle size; complexion dark; and, in years about eight and thirty. His physiognomy would be clownish in expression, if his eyes did not redeem his other features. He spoke of 'Festus,' and of its fame in America, of which he seemed very proud. In England, it has only reached its third edition, while eight or nine have been published in the States."—*Boston Gazette.*

AFRICAN SPARTANS.—Travellers in Southern Africa have often praised the beautiful and symmetrical forms of the native inhabitants, and the people really deserve the encomiums.

As they generally go nearly naked, their bodies appear as they generally are; and among thousands of native Zulus whom I have seen, I do not remember to have met with one marked by any important congenial deformity.

Deformed persons are said to be equally rare among several other tribes of Southern Africa; but the explanation of this fact is by no means creditable to the moral character of the inhabitants. It appears to be their custom to destroy at birth all maimed, deformed, and defective children. This work of destruction is done very secretly; and hence in this country, we never see infants floating down our rivers, nor exposed in fields and forests to the rapacity of birds and wild beasts. When a deformed infant is to be put out of the way, its mouth, and nostrils are filled with mud, ashes, or grease, till life is extinct, and then it is quietly buried.—*Puritan Recorder.*

☞ An old "revolutioner" says, that of all the solemn hours of the revolutionary struggle he ever saw, that occupied in going home one dark night from the widow Bean's, after being told by her daughter Sally, that he "needn't come again," was the most so.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL JACKSON.

General Jackson's firmness in public affairs needs no illustration, and his private life offers some strong instances of the indomitable will that surmounted every obstacle to the accomplishment of his wishes.

Three years ago, we found ourself at Nashville, with a letter of introduction to the heir of the Hero's estate. The drive is some fifteen miles over an excellent turnpike, when, in accordance with south-western ideas of retirement, a detour of half a mile is made down a comparatively narrow road to a gate leading to the Hermitage—a fine mansion, with a front supported by six Corinthian columns, surrounded by grounds neatly and tastefully arranged. With General Jackson's civil and military acquirements, he had not combined a very thorough education in architecture or picturesque design; for military discipline, camp-fires, and the vicissitudes of frontier life, had given him more knowledge of planning a battle than an architrave, and the effective arrangement of a campaign than of Grecian proportions. At any rate, from the road upon which the Hermitage gate opens, there is a gentle rise of land, terminating in a beautiful mound, a hundred and fifty yards distant, that affords as fair a site for villa or temple as the architect of Saint Peter's or the Parthenon could have desired; and upon the other side of the mound we have described, toward a ravine or hollow, is the Hermitage itself. From the road by which it is approached, but a little of its fine proportions, excepting the entablature and chimney tops, are visible; and the excellent natural advantages of the situation were not only neglected, but positively injured, from the want of a little more attention to the position of what might have been the leading feature of a charming picture.

After enjoying the hospitalities for which the Hermitage was ever famous, and on our return to Nashville, we enquired of an old friend of the General's if he knew why so unfavorable a site had been selected for so handsome a structure?

Yes! said he, I was upon the spot when the foundation was laid, and I asked the General why he allowed it to be placed so far down the hill, and he replied: "Mrs. Jackson thinks this spot would be more convenient to the spring, and *here the house shall be built.*"

We fear that General Jackson's regard for the wishes of his wife is not shared by all husbands.

A SINGULAR RELIC.—The crowning curiosity in this collection, the celebrated Hunterian Museum in London, however, is not named in the catalogue, though they stand in two small bottles, on a mahogany pedestal, in the centre of the smaller room. To a man with a soul for identicals, they must offer great attraction, for they are two portions of the small intestine of the Emperor Napoleon, showing the presence of the cancerous disease that killed him. These post-mortem relics were removed by a French surgeon, who assisted in opening the body of the deceased conqueror, and were given by him to Barry O'Meara, who presented them to Sir Astley Cooper. They offer scientific and historical evidence of the cause of the great man's death. Some time ago a card leaned against the bottle, explaining the nature of their contents, but more than once, a French visitor to the place became excited, and even violent, on seeing the relics of their venerated chief. One day a perfect scene occurred: "Perfide Albion!" shrieked a wild Gaul, whose enthusiasm seemed as though it had been fed upon Cognac. "Perfide Albion!" again and more loudly rang through the usually quiet hall. "Not sufficient to have your Vaterloo Bridge, your Vaterloo Place, your Vaterloo boots, but you put violent hands on de grand Emperor himself. Perfide! perfide! perfide!" he yelled again, and had he not been restrained, would have run a Gaulic muck among the bones and bottles, that would have been recollected for many a day. From that time the pathological record of Napoleon's fatal malady has been unnumbered, and—to the million—unrecognizable.

☞ Lorenzo Dow once said of a grasping, avaricious fellow, that if he had the whole world in a single field, he would not be content without a patch of ground on the outside for potatoes.

☞ Mrs. Partington says it is a curious provision of nature that hens never lay when eggs are dear, and always begin when they are cheap.

☞ Dobbs says tailors would make splendid dragoons, they *charge* so.

The Riddler.

CHEMICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 1, 9, 11, 15, 25, 26, is a compound of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen.
My 2, 8, 16, 12, is a metal.
My 3, 5, 19, 29, 12, is the residuum after the distillation of volatile oil or turpentine.
My 4, 11, 20, 14, 6, 7, 15, 22, 3, is a berry used in pharmacy.
My 7, 8, 14, 2, 28, 7, 12, 31, is a bisulphuret of arsenic.
My 6, 15, 16, 28, 29, 14, 27, is a simple element.
My 7, 14, 20, 27, 28, is the name of a salt.
My 8, 26, 11, 9, 11, 12, 33, is a plant growing in argillaceous and sandy soils.
My 9, 8, 11, is an evergreen shrub.
My 10, 2, 12, 21, is the product of a tree growing on the coast of Malabar.
My 11, 13, 31, 29, 28, 25, 12, 33, is one of the known elements.
My 12, 29, 9, 4, 2, 25, is an oxide.
My 13, 28, 7, 15, 33, is a very hard mineral.
My 14, 3, 14, 5, 4, 29, 12, 27, is a substance that exists in pepper.
My 15, 9, 15, 29, 13, 29, 24, is an acid.
My 16, 8, 25, 28, 12, 23, is a substance obtained by digesting lichen in alcohol.
My 17, 29, 6, 22, 13, is a part of all vegetables.
My 18, 28, 7, 9, 3, 11, is one of the principal parts of an emetic.
My 19, 11, 13, 24, 22, 21, 13, is a perennial plant.
My 20, 14, 18, 15, 28, 11, 25, 27, 9, 3, is a substance obtained from oil by crystallization.
My 21, 13, 2, 23, 13, is a perennial plant and used as a stimulant.
My 22, 5, 20, 13, 28, 11, 32, 33, is an evergreen and used medicinally.
My 23, 23, 26, 15, 27, is used in painting.
My 24, 25, 32, 3, 5, 25, 33, 11, 12, 2, 25, is an acid which if bottled gives a white precipitate.
My 25, 2, 13, 13, 11, 6, 11, 32, is a sulphuret of a well known metal.
My 26, 13, 28, 14, is a vegetable substance.
My 27, 9, 28, 18, 22, 2, 12, 5, is a compound consisting of carbon and hydrogen.
My 28, 33, 8, 15, 26, is a stimulant.
My 29, 26, 18, is a crystallized mass.
My 30, 9, 13, 11, 25, is a vapor.
My 31, 11, 12, 19, 33, is a plant which has a peculiar smell.
My 32, 7, 17, 8, 11, 20, 9, 2, 23, 13, has a similar effect on light and heat.
My 33, 7, 11, 19, 31, is a decomposing mass of vegetable gluten.
My whole was a distinguished philosophical chemist.

D. F. B.

Pottsville, Feb. 11, 1851.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When eleven swaths, each six feet wide, were mown about a square meadow, one half the grass was cut. How many acres were there in the said meadow?

C. WALTEMEYER.

Hermanstown, York Co. Pa.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first does all good men employ;
My next the fair with warmth desire;
My third a wonder and a toy;
My whole, when good, all men admire.

Camden, N. J. P. R. I.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Which is the easiest way to pull a person's nose?

Ans.—To make him a present of half a dozen pocket handkerchiefs.

☞ Why is a bewitchingly young lady the pleasantest of companions?

Ans.—She is always a musing (amusing.)

☞ Why did Adam, when alone, find the day very long?

Ans.—Because it was always morning (mourning) without Eve.

☞ What ancient sage invented dancing?

Ans.—Plato. (Play toe.)

☞ Why is a man searching for the philosopher's stone like Neptune?

Ans.—He is a seeking (Sea-King) what never existed.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.

"The Stars and Stripes." Sir Joseph Banks.

PROBLEM.

Draw a hexagon and plant a tree at the centre, at the middle of each side, and at each angle.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

A rocker from the "Cradle of Liberty."
A tough yarn twisted into a thread of discourse.
The whetstone for the scythe of time.
A nail from the "finger of scorn."

Agricultural.

PLANK AND MACADAM ROADS.

From a work recently noticed by us on Plank Roads, we gather the following interesting comparison of the cost of Plank and Macadam Roads. The writer is decidedly in favor of Plank Roads, and as they are an improvement coming into use in this section, we will give our readers an abstract of the data by which he arrives at his conclusions:—

It is stated in the Report of the Commissioners of Board of Works of Canada, for the year ending 1848, that the average cost of the fifty-six miles of Macadamized Road under the jurisdiction of the Montreal Turnpike Trustees, was $3,462 per mile. Two miles were laid by the way of experiment, costing $3,233 per mile—the lowest price at which any Macadam Road was made—the greatest cost being $4,888. But on this road, extending seven miles from Montreal to Lachine, there was heavy cutting on two hills.—The repairs for the last eight years have been, annually, $200 a mile—about 2-35 of the original cost. At Quebec, the average cost of thirty-one miles, was $3,600 per mile; the repairs amounting per mile, annually, to $165; 2-45 of the whole cost. On the Port Hope Road, the repairs per mile were $300; on the road from Toronto to Springfield, $511; but this road is described as worn out in many places. Therefore, the cost of a Macadamized Road may be safely assumed at $3,400 per mile, with the necessity of an annual expenditure of about $130 per mile.—The cost of a Plank Road depends on contingencies, but may be stated, with tolerable accuracy, to range from $1,200 to $2,[illegible] per mile, where there is no extraordinary item of expenditure, and according as the road may be built of hard wood,—maple, or hemlock. For the sake of establishing a comparison, a medium cost, $1,750 per mile, is assumed. The repairs which a Plank Road will need for the first two years ought to be trifling. To a great extent, at this early period, they depend upon the mode in which the road has been constructed. If it has been well kept up, and well drained, and the sleepers have been carefully laid, there is little fear of the road settling, nor will any of the plank become loose.—Even on roads built before experience had pointed out a good mode of construction, the repairs were not a heavy charge. The Chambly and Longueil Road, Canada East, was laid down in 1841, with white pine, which generally lasted about four years. It has since been renewed, and the road has been more carefully constructed; and there is a reasonable expectation that it will last seven years. The ordinary annual repairs have been $7½ a mile. It is not possible to give the exact traffic, as the tolls for sixteen miles are farmed out for $5,220 per annum. It cannot be considered, by any means, that this road is too favorable a criterion, for it was among the first built on the continent. It is assumed that one man can keep miles in repair during the first years of the road, and the following estimate of yearly expense will be found nearly correct in practice:—1st year, $2; 2nd year, $5; 3rd year, $7; 4th year, $10; 5th year, $10; 6th year, $15; 7th year, $20; 8th year, relaid; total, $69. Averaging annually for seven years, say $10. After the third year some of the planks may require to be replaced; but no serious repairs will be called for, especially if pine be used, which, being clear from knots, however worn, will afford no impediment to the travel, until the planks break through, when it will become necessary to raise them. The eighth year we may consider that the road will require recovering. From this data we can arrive at a proximation of the comparative cost of a Plank Road and Macadamized Road—including the repairs for seven years—assuming that at the expiration of the seventh year, the planks have been relaid and the Macadamization thoroughly repaired, both roads, consequently, being in perfect order.

PLANK ROAD.		MACADAM ROAD.	
Original cost per mile,	$1,750	Original cost per mile,	$3,500
Seven years repairs, at $10,	70	Eight years repairs, at $130,	1,040
Cost of relaying,	1,286		
	$3,106		$4,540

Being nearly in the proportion of 3 to 2.

Thus, the Macadam Road costs, with regard to the Plank Road, so far as the means of comparison exist, on an extended period of eight years, needing repairs and restoration, in the ratio of 3 to 2.

CURE FOR A BELLOWSED HORSE.—Some few weeks since, being overtaken by a severe thunder storm on my way home, I took refuge under a shelter where were assembled several gentlemen from the same cause. One of the gentlemen thus accosted me: "Why do you not cure your horse of the bellows?"

"For the very reason that I cannot," I replied.

"Well, stranger," said he, "when I am at home, I cure all such cases, and warrant them, at ten dollars a head; but, as I am a long way from home, and your horse is a valuable one, I will tell you how you can cure him effectually in a few days. In the first place," says he, "give your horse salt in his water for three mornings in succession; after that, pound up a piece of blue stone about the size of a chinquepin, and mix it with wet meal; give him the same for ten consecutive mornings, feeding him rather lightly for those ten days; and, if he is not well at the end of the ten days, I will give you my head."

I have tried the remedy, and it has wrought a perfect cure; and I now give it to the readers of the Enquirer, that they may save their ten dollars too.—*Columbus Enquirer.*

WINTER MANAGEMENT OF COWS.—Mr. Lincoln gives the following in relation to the management of his cows in winter:

"They are stabled, are fed at regular hours, have a good bedding at night, are cleaned every morning with the *curry-comb* instead of the *card*, are kept stabled except for two or three hours in the middle of the day, if fair weather—if stormy they are not out, except a sufficient time, morning, noon and evening, to allow them to drink. Milch cows should be kept *warm* and *dry*. The hay given to the cows is of ordinary quality, and each cow is fed with from one to two pecks of carrots per day. The butter made in winter, by the aid of carrots, is fully equal in *color* and *sweetness* to that made in June. The milking and care of my stock, is attended to by myself unless prevented by sickness or absence—milking throughout the year uniformly at six o'clock in the morning and six in the evening."—*The Cultivator.*

FRUIT FOR MARKET.—The man who wishes to make a business of marketing fruit, and obtain a regular yearly income, must plant many kinds. Some kinds will succeed best this year, and others next. An individual in western New York, sold, the Newark Advertiser says, in 1840, twenty-five hundred dollars worth of peaches from about 12 acres. Fruit was scarce that year, and peaches sold at a high price. A large cultivator of the grape, on the Hudson, sells sometimes $5000 or $6000 worth of grapes. Another individual of Monroe Co., N. Y., sold in 1845, $440 worth of Northern Spy and Roxbury Russet apples from one acre. A general assortment of the best kinds of fruit will be likely to furnish every year, with good culture, one or more highly profitable crops. In the neighborhood of a large city, fruits always meet with a ready sale, and they are highly conducive to health.

MODE OF MAKING BUTTER.—Except in the extremes of summer and winter, the milk is kept on the ground floor of the house, in tin pans; remains from 36 to 40 hours, when the cream is taken off and put in large stone pots; water is placed in the churn and stands over night; the cream is churned slowly but steadily; the butter is washed in cold spring water; the butter-milk is worked out, and the salt worked in—stands 24 hours when it is again worked and lumped. We use a "butter worker," and generally add three-fourths of an ounce of salt to a pound of butter. We think the butter is firmer, more waxy and even, if the churning occupies from 45 to 60 minutes, than when brought in less time.—*The Cultivator.*

BLOODLESS VENGEANCE.—"The Greenlanders," says a recent writer, "have some peculiar customs: the most singular is their musical combat. If a Greenlander imagines himself affronted by another, he composes a satirical poem, and challenges his adversary to sing. Both appear with a respectable chorus, chiefly women, and the contest of wit begins. He who fairly laughs out his opponent, and gets the last word, gains the applause and wins the day. As a method of revenging insults, is not this as rational as most of those adopted by more civilized nations?"

Is there not a sound philosophy in thus laughing off a fit of ill feelings? For people who have no Christianity to teach them meekness and forgiveness, this method must be acknowledged to be among the best.

The Olio.

OUR FLAG WHEN WE PART.

Oh! what will become of that flag when we part?
Shall it droop o'er the tomb of our national fame?
Shall it stream o'er the wreck, when each hope of the heart
Has abandoned that wreck to oblivion and shame?

When that banner of glory forever is furl'd,
Shall each gem be re-set and translated afar?
Shall the bright constellation that lighted a world,
Be replaced by a distant and desolate star?

Rather heap its proud trophies and over them cast
This pall of our honor—this shroud of our shame;
Fire the pile! fling the ashes abroad on the blast—
It was born amid storm—let it perish in flame!

—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

THE TELEGRAPH.—Dickens' Household Words, in an article on the Magnetic Telegraph, says:

"The mystery—the secret—of the electric telegraph is simply this: Two handles serve to break and to re-unite the current of the electric spirit; each breakage causes a needle, swinging above the handles, to move. Another similar needle, miles away, moves at the same instant, in the same way. Different amounts of motion of this needle are understood to indicate certain letters, and thus the telegraph people talk to one another, by spelling what they have to say, letter by letter. Theirs is a new calling, and a curious one, too. They all hear the strangest and earliest of news. With hands upon the handles of the instrument, and a sharp eye upon the dial, the work goes on; it would be in silence, but for the noise made by the instrument. 'Jerk! jerk!' go the handles—'Chop! chop! chip-chop!' are the sounds heard in response, as a little cylinder moves, and metal meets metal, to break and re-complete the circuit.

STEADINESS OF PURPOSE.—In whatever you engage, pursue it with a steadiness of purpose as though you were determined to succeed. A vacillating mind never accomplished anything worth naming. There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim. It dignifies our nature, and insures our success. Who have done the most for mankind? Who have secured the rarest honors? Who have raised themselves from poverty to riches? Those who were steady to their purpose. The man who is one thing to-day, and another to-morrow—who drives an idea pell-mell this week, while it drives him the next—is always in trouble, and does nothing from one year's end to the other. Look and admire the man of steady purpose. He moves noiselessly along, and yet, what wonders he accomplishes! He rises, gradually we grant, but surely. The heavens are not too high for him, neither are the stars beyond his reach. How worthy of imitation!

TENNYSON'S LAST.—Tennyson contributes the following stanzas to one of the new Annuals for 1851:

Come not when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.
There let the wind sweep and the plover cry!
But go thou by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime
I care no longer, being all unblest;
Wed whom thou wilt; but I am sick of time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie.
Go by—go by!

☞ Mrs. Partington asks, very indignantly, if the bills before Congress are not counterfeit, why should there be such a difficulty in passing them?

For the Young.

AN ODD THOUGHT.

Edmund Andrews was well known as a cruel boy. Cockchaffers, butterflies, and birds, frogs and toads, dogs and cats, had all been ill used by him in their turns; and many a reproof had he received for his cruelty.

As Edmund was passing by Burlton's barn, he saw Wilkinson, the old shepherd, busy with his pitch kettle and iron, marking the sheep, which had been lately shorn, with the letters J. B. for John Burlton.

"So you are putting your master's mark on the sheep, are you?" said Edmund, as he walked up to the shepherd.

"I am, Master Edmund," replied Wilkinson; "but their Almighty Maker has put His mark upon them before."

"What do you mean?" said Edmund, looking at the shepherd, inquiringly.

"I mean," replied Wilkinson, "that our Heavenly Father, in His wisdom and goodness, has put marks upon all the creatures He has made, and such marks as none but He could put on them. He gave brown wings to the cockchaffer, spots to the butterfly, feathers to the bird, a sparkling eye to the frog and toad, a swift foot to the dog, and a soft, furry skin to the cat. These marks are His marks, and they show us that these creatures belong to Him; and woe to those who abuse them."

"That is an odd thought," said Edmund, as he began to walk away from the spot.

"It may be an odd thought," replied the shepherd, "but when odd thoughts lead us to glorify God, and to act kindly to His creatures, the more we have, Master Edmund, the better."—*London Child's Companion.*

THE REASON WHY.—The following interesting and instructive article copied from the Presbyterian Herald, is commended to the attention of the youthful reader.

A little fellow came running into the house, exclaiming, "Oh! sister Mary, I've such a pretty thing. It's a piece of glass, and it's all red. When I look through it everything looks red, too, the trees, houses, green grass, and your face, and even your blue eyes."

"Yes, John," replied Mary, "it is very beautiful; and let me show you that you can learn a useful lesson from this pretty thing. You remember the other day that you thought everybody was cross to you. You said father, mother, and I were all the time finding fault with you. Now you were like this piece of glass, which makes everything red, because it is red. You were cross, so you thought everybody around you was cross, too. But when you get up in the morning in a good humor, loving and helping everybody, they, too, will seem kind and loving towards you. Now remember, brother, and always be what you wish others to be—kind, gentle, loving; and they, seen through the beautiful color of your disposition, will seem more beautiful than ever."

For Housekeepers.

REMEDY FOR BURNS.—Dr. Reese, physician of Bellvue Hospital, New York, has been making experiments concerning the best mode of healing burns and scalds and checking the acute suffering. He has found that flour, thrown on with a common dredging box, is one of the best and most efficient remedies yet discovered. The external air is one of suffering, and the flour thus applied, both heals and closes the wounds to the atmosphere. The edges of the wounds which remained open he dressed with lime and oil, applied by a feather. Dr. Reese says the above application made to wounds by fire, hot water, gunpowder, &c., has been most happy in the practice at the Hospital.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD CUP OF TEA.—M. Soyer recommends that, before pouring in any water, the teapot, with the tea in it, shall be placed in the oven till hot, or heated by means of a spirit lamp, or in front of the fire (not too close, of course,) and the pot then filled with boiling water. The result, he says, will be, in about a minute, a most delicious cup of tea, much superior to that drawn in the ordinary way.

PLAIN BAKED PUDDING.—One pint of corn flour, one quart milk, half a pint molasses, a teaspoonfull of salt. Mix together cold, in the dish in which it is to be baked. Set it in the oven, and stir occasionally until it begins to cook. Bake an hour and a half. Eat hot with butter or sauce.

EGG PONE.—Three eggs, a quart of corn flour, a large tablespoonfull of fresh butter, a small teaspoonfull of salt, a half pint (or more) of milk. Beat the eggs very light, and mix them with the milk. Then stir in, gradually, the corn flour; adding the salt and butter. It must not be a batter, but a soft dough, just thick enough to be stirred well with a spoon. If too thin, add more corn flour; if too stiff, thin it with a little more milk. Beat or stir it *long and hard*. Butter a tin or iron pan. Put the mixture into it; and set the pan immediately into an oven, which must be moderately hot at first, and the heat increased afterward. A Dutch oven is best for this purpose. It should bake an hour and a half or two hours, in proportion to its thickness. Send it to table hot, and cut into slices. Eat it with butter, or molasses.

GRIDDLE CAKES.—The following is called "Masters' Recipe," and it will be found one of the best, if not the master receipt, for making griddle cakes.

One and a half cups of corn flour, scald with boiling water, one pint milk, one cup of wheat flour, three eggs. Stir in the yolks; beat the whites to a stiff paste before mixing. One teaspoonfull of carbonate of soda, and salt to suit the taste.